

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS.

BY R. S. MACKENZIE, D.C.L.

THE second volume of this valuable work, the fruit of much reading, enormous labor, and sagacious judgment, has been published. Dr. Allibone dedicates this, and its successor (which will appear during the present year), "to my friend Joshua B. Lippincott, whose enterprise enables me to give to the world the completion of this work." This is a pleasant instance of good feeling between author and publisher.

The first volume of this "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors" was published by Mr. Childs, to whom it was dedicated, in December, 1858. The completion of this *magnum opus* — a surprising work for one man to have executed — has been anxiously expected and demanded by readers of the English language at home and abroad. The new volume gives all the known (and many of the almost unknown) British and American authors who alphabetically range under the letters K to S, both inclusive, and contains over 1300 pages royal octavo, clear type, on sized paper, which will not blot when memoranda of correction or addition are written upon it — apparently a small, but really a great advantage to all who keep the work always at hand for reference and use. In a recent notice of this great work (an *avant courier*, as it were), we particularly noticed the fulness and completeness of the critical and bibliographical articles upon Pope, Scott, and Shakspeare. Here, on the same plan, are many other admirable articles, among which the most attractive and exhaustive are those upon Thomas Moore; Lord Macaulay; John Keats; Sir James Mackintosh (a man who scarcely performed anything very good, but was always thinking of doing it); Dr. Lingard, the historian, who thrice refused a Cardinal's hat; J. P. Kennedy, man of letters and politics; Chancellor Kent; Charles Lamb, the gentle "Elia;" Walter Savage Landor, original of blustering, good-natured Boythorne in "Bleak House;" Eliakim Littell, founder and editor of the *Museum* and *Living Age*, which bear his honored name; John Locke, the philosopher, author, among other things, of an impracticable Constitution for one of our Southern States; H. W. Longfellow, the poet; James Russell Lowell; Lord Lytton; Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling;" James Macpherson, of Ossianic notoriety; Lord Mahon, now Earl Stanhope; Philip

Massinger, the dramatist; Dr. Conyers Middleton, "a scholar, and a ripe one;" Hugh Miller, geologist; H. H. Milman, poet and historian; John Milton; Miss Mitford; D. M. Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*; James and Robert Montgomery, poets; Sir Thomas More; Lady Morgan; the clever Napiers; Sir Isaac Newton; John Nichols, John Owen, the Puritan; Richard Owen, the psychologist; Thomas Paine; Dr. Paley; Dr. Samuel Parr; Paulding, the novelist; William Penn, J. G. Pefcival, the poet; E. A. Poe; Richard Parson; W. H. Prescott, the historian; Dr. Joseph Priestley; Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist; B. W. Procter, "Barry Cornwall;" William Frynne, the Puritan; Dr. Pusey, heresiarch; Mrs. Radcliffe, novelist; Sir Walter Raleigh; R. E. Raspe, with a history of the authorship of Baron Munchausen's Travels; Dr. Thomas Reid, the metaphysician; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Obadiah Rich; Samuel Richardson, novelist; Joseph Ritson, antiquarian, critic, and vegetarian; Robertson, historian; Samuel Rogers, poet; William Roscoe, biographer of the Medici family; John Ruskin, art critic; Lord John Russell; Epes Sargent; Dr. Philip Schaff, critic and scholar; John Sedden; P. B. Shelley; R. B. Sheridan,

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
of all;"

Sir Philip Sidney, last of the heroes of chivalry; John Skelton, poet; Adam Smith, father of political economy; Dr. William Smith, writer of dictionaries; Tobias Smollett, novelist; Robert Southey; Jared Sparks; Edward Spenser, of "The Faëry Queen;" Dr. W. B. Sprague, Albany; Sir Richard Steele, "The Tatler;" Lawrence Sterne; Henry Stevens, of Vermont, bibliographer; Dugald Stewart, metaphysician; Joseph Story, juriconsult; Mrs. Calvin E. Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Charles Sumner, United States Senator; and Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and author of "The Drapier's Letters," and "Gulliver's Travels."

The concluding volume will have a peculiar attraction in its promised appendix of forty copious indexes of subjects, by means of which the reader can at once refer to all the authors who have written upon any given department of letters. The work, as a whole, is most creditable to the age, the author, and the country.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE COST OF A NAPOLEON.

It is not easy to predict what are the chances as to duration and success of the present attempt at parliamentary government in France, and it would be idle to indulge in mere conjecture. Even the real mental attitude of the Emperor towards it is doubtful. It may be that he has accepted it as an inevitable result of the rising national feeling against Cæsarism and its errors and results — a feeling of which the late general election was only one of many indications; that something of the indolence and fatalism of advancing years is creeping over him; and that age and disease have enfeebled that pertinacious and resolute volition which was once so strong, and indisposed him alike for the effort and the risk of a struggle of which, under no circumstances, would the issue be wholly satisfactory. It may be — and is more probable — that his shrewd, patient, and tortuous intelligence sees its way, by a frank and apparently cordial, if somewhat passive, acquiescence in the popular will, to turning the result of the experiment, whether that result be failure or success, to his own advantage. If parliamentary government should once more run the vessel on the rocks; if parties have not yet learned the great lesson of compromise, and should still prefer deadly warfare to profitable co-operation; if patriots with discrepant views and hopes should be still irreconcilable, should insist upon all or nothing, as they hitherto have always done, and should be again mad and passionate enough to attempt by an appeal to violence to escape the defeat resulting from an appeal to the voting urn; if once more an upsetting of all that is and a reversal of all that has been done shall be regarded as a necessary preliminary to the inauguration of the new régime; and if an inability to submit to any ascendancy but that of an autocrat upon the throne, and the usual promptitude of journalists and politicians to abuse their recovered freedom, shall demonstrate that France is still not ripe for constitutional proceedings; — then the Emperor may reasonably hope that, amid the anarchy and confusion and alarm which will ensue, the saner portion of the

people, — weary of the conflict and disgusted with the spectacle — will regret his rule, and without exertion on his part may call him back to the helm once more, and offer him a sceptre safer and more absolute than ever. He may, moreover, as still the practical head of the Executive, feel strong enough to allow the experiment to be fairly tried, and under securer conditions than before; for there are two features in the position of affairs in France never before combined. The army stationed in Paris has such complete and unquestioned command of the city that, as long as it remains loyal, the wildest mob would be utterly powerless, and would feel itself to be so; — insurrection and barricades would be put down at once, and no real rising could gain head enough to be formidable; — and that the army is, as a whole, devoted to the Emperor has never, we believe, been seriously doubted. An army under a competent and determined chief always obeys orders *in the first instance*; the instinct of military discipline and obedience operates more promptly and instantaneously than any other feeling; and it is not till doubt and disaffection have been allowed to communicate from regiment to regiment and to become *organized*, that it ever practically interferes to make soldiers hesitate or refuse to act. The Emperor, therefore, could at any moment interfere to maintain peace and order whenever they were clearly menaced, and would interfere with deadly and decisive effect; and, moreover, he would be able to interfere with the cordial approbation of the vast majority of the citizens; — for the republicans, the only really enthusiastic, earnest, and aggressive party in France, are distinctly not popular with the nation at large, nor with the upper and middle classes, who in Paris especially dread and deprecate *émeutes* and civil strife. The revolutionists for once are a minority, and probably a small one; and at present have to deal with antagonists at least as determined as themselves, and far better organized, as well as holding a more commanding position.

If on the other hand, taught by the lessons of the past, the constitutionalists should avoid the rocks on which they have hitherto made shipwreck, and succeed in really es-

tablishing and working parliamentary government, their success may not impossibly secure for the Emperor the object nearest to his heart. At all events he may not unreasonably think so. He may argue that, perhaps, *the substitution of constitutional government for Cæsarism in France, offers the best chance for the continuance of the Buonapartean dynasty.* It may not be a very sure chance, but is it not the most promising, and possibly the only one? The Emperor himself, at the age of sixty and with a shattered frame, could not long actually hold the reins of power—such sort of power as he has hitherto wielded. His son, a child of fourteen, obviously could not hold them for an hour, nor could he even if he were five and twenty. Neither a failing old man, nor an immature young one, can play the autocrat in France. "Despotisms," says J. H. Newman, "require great men: constitutions jog on without them." But either father or son would suffice for that pageant of rule, a constitutional monarch after the English type. The Emperor might find repose and safety behind the screen of a responsible ministry chosen by the Chamber, and possibly something also of recovered popularity. He might watch, with a kind of grim and Mephistophelian delight, the various blunders of successive cabinets, and the popular disgust they would arouse, and might trust the people and the press to make the frequent reflection: "Ah, the Emperor would not have been so stupid!" He might still get credit by timely suggestions, and reap applause by judicious vetoes. As soon as he "reigned, but did not govern,"—as soon as he was in the position of a sovereign who could "do no wrong,"—his ministers would be the scapegoats, and the fits of national indignation would pass him by unharmed. His enfeebled powers, and his son's undeveloped ones, might be quite adequate to the unexpecting position which, under such a régime, would be theirs. His son might then succeed him without the country feeling the transfer of the *faintant* sceptre. The necessity for a revolution, or a change of dynasty, on his death would be superseded. Nay more; it is by no means certain that the ambitious parliamentary chiefs who would then be ministers, as well as their rivals

who hoped to be, might not prefer the sovereignty of a boy, with a languid regency and a long minority, to the stronger volition and the distincter individuality of the Comte de Chambord or the Comte de Paris. It is certain they would prefer it to a republic, as giving them greater power and less disturbance. The frank and candid establishment of a constitutional régime, therefore, may enlist the Thiers, the Favres, the Olliviers, and the Paradols—the whole set of the parliamentarians in fact—in favour of the continuance of the present dynasty, when no other combination could do so. And Napoleon, who is shrewd and very far-sighted, may see this at least as clearly as we do.

It is, then, quite upon the cards that whatever may be the issue of the present attempt at constitutional government in France, Louis Napoleon may be the gainer. But, however this may turn out in the end, there can be little doubt that the old régime, the Cæsarism which has now ruled the country for nearly twenty years, is for a time, at least, at an end. It is a good opportunity, therefore, to consider what it has cost Europe and France, and what it has done for both; to draw out a sort of debtor and creditor account between Napoleon III. and his age, and strike such a balance as we may. Something must be conjectural, no doubt, because political events are often long before their full bearing and consequences are reaped or can be discerned; but still pretty ample materials exist, and may be handled with some confidence. We will begin with the debtor side of the balance sheet. And first, let us ascertain as nearly as we can, the *pecuniary* cost of the Imperial régime.

A system or dynasty, however popular among the masses, which has risen either by force or by the favour of one class of the community, can rarely be otherwise than lavish in its expenditure. The people must be dazzled; the workmen must be employed and fed; the army must be kept in good humour; and if a means of doing all this can be contrived without resorting to taxation, the sole check upon lavish expenditure is removed. It will not surprise us, then, to learn that the rule of Napoleon III. has increased the national budget by upwards

of 250,000,000 francs annually, or ten millions sterling.

Average expenditure	francs
in 1847-48	1,770,000,000
„ 1860	1,825,000,000
„ 1867-68	1,928,000,000
Estimated, 1869	2,128,000,000

The Emperor was far too sagacious to provide for this augmented outlay by fresh taxes: he trusted partly to the natural elasticity of the revenue under an expanded and stimulated trade, but still more to incessant borrowing, which his contrivance for getting possession of the small savings of the millions by means of *open loans*, enabled him to do to almost any extent. Thus there has always been a deficit, and the deficit has been always met in the same way, with the following result:

Public funded debt	francs
in 1850	5,020,000,000
„ 1860	9,334,000,000
„ 1869	12,938,000,000

That is to say, in the course of twenty years the Emperor has managed to spend three hundred and twenty millions sterling more than his revenue, or sixteen millions annually.

“*L'empire c'est la paix*,” we were told shortly after the Emperor's succession. Yet from the fall of the first Napoleon, to the advent of the second, Europe enjoyed an almost unbroken peace of a quarter of a century. Napoleon III. has waged three of the most costly and sanguinary wars on record. What the Mexican expedition cost is not known, and certainly will never be officially stated; but the expenditure on the Crimean and Italian wars is given by the author of *Ten Years of Imperialism in France*,—a well-informed and by no means unfriendly writer—as 1,859 millions of francs. What it cost in life cannot be confidently stated, but the aggregate sacrifice of French soldiers and sailors during the Emperor's wars, is calculated on apparently reliable data, to have been not less than 120,000 men; viz. 95,000 by wounds and disease in the Crimean war, 15,000 in the Italian campaign, and 10,000 in the Mexican and other distant expeditions. These figures are taken from the *Guerres contemporaines* of M. Leroy-Beaulieu.

Two other facts may aid us in arriving at a correct general impression. The conscription, which demanded 80,000 men yearly when the Emperor ascended the throne, averaged 124,000 from 1854-59, and has been 100,000 since, besides having been still further increased by the recent law. The French army, which numbered 404,000 in 1850, reached 596,000 in 1868. So at least it appears according to the best figures we can procure from the *Annuaire de la Statistique*, the *Almanach de Gotha*, and elsewhere. But no one who has not tried, is aware how difficult it is to get the exact truth from French official statements, whether military or financial. Thus the *Almanach de Gotha* gives the effective strength of the French army in 1847 at 286,000, and General Balfour (a first-rate authority), at 368,000. The same writer gives the “effective” army in 1850 at 404,000, in 1860 at 465,000, while the *Annuaire* gives it for 1868 at 419,000 in actual service, and 177,000 of reserve,—adding “L'effectif général de nos forces militaires était donc de 596,000.” The entire expenditure for army and navy in France was 16 1-2 millions sterling in 1850, and 27 1-2 in 1863. (General Balfour.) It can scarcely be less now, though stated only for 1869 at 22 millions; but the confusion between “ordinary” and “extraordinary” expenses, prevents us trusting to these figures as complete. On the indirect evils to the physical and economical efficiency of the French people by the withdrawal of so large and select a portion of the population from marriage and industrial pursuits for so many of the most vigorous years of life, we need not dwell. It notoriously diminishes the agricultural resources of the country, and is gradually deteriorating the physical qualities of the race. By the last return it appears that 5 per cent. of the young conscripts are rejected as under size (the requisite height being only five feet one inch), and more than 26 per cent. for disqualifying infirmities of one sort or another. That is to say, *one third* of the young men of France are unfit for military service.

When, shortly after the *coup d'état*, the Emperor commenced those extensive demolitions and erections in Paris which were at once to remodel the metropolis and to find

artificial employment for the artisans and "dangerous classes,"—it was wittily said—"Ce gouvernement-ci est condamné aux travaux forcés en perpétuité." From an official return just published it appears that the total sum thus expended by M. Haussman in the last seventeen years, is 84,700,000*l.*, of which the city has paid nearly half out of its own resources, leaving 43,800,000*l.* to be defrayed by loans. To set against this, however, it may be urged that the revenue of the municipality has been largely increased during this period, partly owing to the extension of the boundaries of the Banlieue, and the consequent augmentation of the *octroi* receipts, and partly to the much higher rents obtainable for the new buildings than for the old. Similar sums (in proportion) have been spent in other great towns, such as Marseilles, Bordeaux and Lyons; but to what exact extent we have not been able to ascertain. On the whole, however, the aggregate of his semi-political industrial, and for the most part unproductive, outlay during the present reign must certainly exceed one hundred millions sterling.

We have thus far confined our investigation to the Emperor's debtor account with France alone: What he has cost the rest of Europe, directly and indirectly, it is more difficult to ascertain, though the sum total must be considerably heavier. All we can do is to give a few significant figures which may enable us to arrive at something like a rational conjecture. From the fall of the first empire, to the advent of the second, Europe enjoyed five and twenty years of profound peace, broken only by local revolutions and occasional skirmishes. Since a Napoleon reappeared upon the scene, this fortunate condition has been exchanged for one of armed peace, interrupted by frequent and bloody wars. It is impossible to say that this disastrous alteration has not been owing in the main, more or less directly, to the present Emperor. His election as President, his rash language on his accession to that dignity, the *coup d'état*, his name alone, his peculiar character and restless disposition, were at once received as a standing menace to Great Britain and the Continent. There was an immediate increase to the naval and military forces of nearly every nation. Louis Napoleon set about the most extensive and ingenious inventions and improvements in the art of war, and all other European States were forced, in mere self-defence, to follow his example. All armies were increased, and every army became enormously more costly. For more than half of this augmentation Louis Napoleon

must, in strict justice, be held responsible. He has contrived to keep the whole of Europe in hot water ever since his accession. The precise amount of what we owe him in this matter we cannot ascertain, because we do not know exactly what the defensive forces of each State twenty years since numbered or cost. Probably the aggregate increase has been a million of men and fifty millions of money annually. In Great Britain our army and navy cost 17,000,000*l.* in 1848, and 26,000,000*l.* in 1869. Russia had 568,000 men under arms in 1848, and 726,000 in 1869, besides a ready reserve of 430,000 more. The Prussian army numbered 127,000 in 1850, 212,000 in 1860, and 312,000 in 1869. If France would only be content with her influence and her boundaries, two thirds of the armies of Europe might be disbanded. France, therefore, may fairly be debited with their expenses. Look at the following picture, drawn by *The Economist* in September 1867:

If there is a state in Europe which, from its position, the character of its military geography, the strength of its natural and artificial obstacles, ought to feel the intense satisfaction of complete security, it is France. Combined, Europe would find it almost hopeless to assail her; yet she thirsts for more soldiers, more armaments, more fortresses, and her action abroad stirs up doubt, apprehension, and of course counter armaments. If France would sit still and mind her own affairs, her present host of soldiers would more than suffice her needs. At this moment she can put in the field five armies, each a hundred thousand strong, but a defensive attitude does not please her, and so her Government demand the means of putting seven hundred thousand men in the field. Prussia, struggling to maintain her new gains and found a real German Empire, is actually laying hands upon every effective male within her reach; moved thereto, partly by the influence of custom, chiefly by dread of a coalition. Russia is fanning the fires of insurrection all through the East, and swelling to their full limit the enormous armies she has on foot. Even Italy, all but bankrupt, chin deep in deficits, maintains a large public force; and Belgium, although styled neutral in the language of diplomacy, feels bound to array scores of thousands more than she would need were it certain her neutrality would be respected. Austria trembles at every breath, runs forth to seek strange alliances, and spends on soldiering sums disproportioned to her means. When the cost of an armed peace is draining every exchequer, it is not surprising that capital should shrink back at the mere mention of loans.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, and at this height of modern civilization, the military peace establishment of Europe consists of 2,800,000 men, while the war establishment rises to

the awful total of 5,000,000. The cost of the peace array of the European States does not fall far short of 80,000,000*l.* annually — eight hundred millions (an English National Debt) every ten years. Austria keeps on foot permanently 278,187 men, at a charge of 8,876,300*l.*; Spain expends 4,200,000*l.* upon 284,426 men; France maintains 404,000 men under arms, and pays 14,000,000*l.* for the luxury; Italy, out of her well-drained treasury, devotes 6,603,444*l.* to an army 222,321 strong; the peace establishment of North Germany cannot now fall far short of 330,000 men, nor the cost fall much below 8,000,000*l.* The huge Russian levy of 800,000 men extracts from their national chest 15,250,000*l.*; while our own Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers, are maintained for the trifling sum of 14,569,279*l.* These are the principal items in the dread account, and the smaller States complete the full tale. Eight nations spend on their soldiers and establishment 72,000,000*l.* These sums, in gross and in detail, represent the annual rate at which we insure an uncertain peace — a peace interrupted by three great wars in fifteen years, and now in extreme peril of a wholesale breaking up. It is a charming monument of human "wisdom," an excellent testimony to the good government of nations, this expenditure upon non-productive employment. But this does not represent the total cost of the warlike machinery. Five States — Austria, Spain, France, England, and Italy — employ 213,887 men for sea service, and spend upwards of seventeen millions on their navies. Including Russia and the smaller States, the total expenditure for military and naval purposes in Europe is not less than 100,000,000*l.* per annum. The worst of it is, that when this vast outlay has been made, Europe is not one whit more certain of tranquillity, nor is any one of the several States assured that it will not have to fight for its life. That constitutes the "irony of the situation."

But when we have summed up the actual cost of this array by sea and land, the total falls short of the enormous penalty levied upon the nations. Who can truly estimate the additional loss arising from the forced abstinence of two millions and a half of men in the prime and vigour of life from reproductive labour. Suppose we estimate their probable earnings, if employed at one shilling per diem, the total loss per week of six days is no less than 750,000*l.*, or 39,000,000*l.* per annum. To this we should add the difference between their wages and the value of their productions, and, if we only double it, the total exceeds the whole revenue of France. If we were to set down 200,000,000*l.* a year as the total loss to Europe in hard cash, and as a consequence of compulsory abstinence from labour, we should not be far wrong, especially if we include the evil effect of insecurity on enterprise.

There can be no doubt that both the Crimean and the Italian wars were entirely owing to Louis Napoleon. But for his rest-

less temper, the question of the protection of the Holy Places would never have been mooted to revive the Eastern difficulties. It was entirely his zeal and pertinacity that dragged England into the Russian war of 1854. Our people, indeed, were not unwilling, or at least were easily aroused; but at the outset nearly all our leaders were reluctant to engage in so hazardous an enterprise. Without the Emperor's initiative, again, the war of liberation in Italy could never have been attempted; and it is more than probable, that unless Austria had been so materially weakened both in prestige and military resources by that war, the Prussian war of 1866 would never have occurred. Now let us see what the Crimean and Italian wars cost the combatants in blood and money. We accept the calculations of the author of *Guerres contemporaines*, believing them to be in the main as correct as they are careful. In the former war he estimates:—

	Loss of life by wounds and disease	Expenditure
France . . .	95,615 . . .	£66,000,000
England . . .	22,182 . . .	74,000,000
Piedmont . . .	2,194 . . .	2,000,000
Turkey . . .	35,000 . . .	16,000,000
Russia . . .	630,000 . . .	160,000,000
Total	784,991 . . .	£318,000,000

This is the direct cost; the additional indirect losses cannot be even approximately ascertained. The Italian war was not quite so costly or so sanguinary, but then it only lasted for a few weeks. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu gives the account thus:

	Loss of life	Cost in money
France . . .	17,775 . . .	£15,000,000
Austria . . .	38,650 . . .	26,000,000
Piedmont . . .	6,575 . . .	10,200,000
	63,000	£51,200,000

Looking at the aggregate of these figures, would it be extravagant to conjecture that the Emperor, since his accession, has cost Europe A MILLION OF LIVES AND FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF MONEY? Almost certainly, if we take into account secondary as well as primary losses, this estimate is *below* the truth.

But graver sins than that of lavish and mischievous expenditure are charged against the Imperial régime. It is said to have not only increased — it certainly did not introduce — the low tone of public morality already prevalent in France, but to have vulgarized and corrupted both politics and administration. To a considerable extent

the charge must be admitted to be true. Jobbery and corruption had indeed grown fearfully common during the later years of Louis Philippe's reign, and, as we all remember, some flagrant instances which came to light in 1847 had no small share in arousing that popular disgust which made that monarch's fall so speedy and so ignominious. During the brief period of the republic which succeeded, there was much incapacity and grievous waste, but probably not much actual dishonesty or malversation. But with the growing ambition of the President the flood of corruption set in, and could not be checked thereafter; for the purchase of purchasable men and classes was one of his most efficacious means, and when success had crowned his schemes his tools had to be handsomely rewarded, and new supporters had to be bought from day to day. It is true that the ministers whom the Emperor has summoned to his councils—or, to speak more correctly, has appointed to desks in his bureau—have, with perhaps two exceptions, been far meaner and poorer creatures, as well as less able and experienced, than those who served his predecessor; but, the *coup d'état* once resolved on and accomplished, this was an inevitable consequence of the position. Louis Napoleon would fain have secured the services of tried and competent statesmen, if he could; but, in the first place, the fundamental theory of the Empire, that of the personal government of the Emperor, forbade him to employ ministers who would have had individual ideas to insist upon and carry out—ideas often far less just and sagacious than his own;—and, in the second place, nearly all politicians of eminence and note were invincibly hostile to the new régime, which had not only wholly overthrown their system and reduced them to insignificance, but had rudely maltreated them in the first process of its inauguration. As a fact we are inclined to believe that Louis Napoleon has generally selected his ministers from the best materials at his command; and before we blame him too severely for the general coarseness of the tools he has employed, we must bear in mind two considerations: the *first*, that this grievous defect in his administration was involved in and an inseparable result of the means by which he rose to supreme power, in defence or excuse of which we have not one word to say; and, *secondly*, that though his ministers have, as a rule, been far less able and more vulgar than those of Louis Philippe, it can scarcely be said that their political morality has been lower. We have only to read the notorious history of the

cleverest of them all, M. Thiers, and to remember certain episodes of his ministerial career, notably his conduct in 1840, as well as one or two of his speeches since he re-entered the Chamber, to feel satisfied that neither M. Rouher nor M. Thouvenel were one whit more unscrupulous; and, to come to a far more respectable name, that of M. Guizot, the recollection of the Pritchard controversy, the Spanish marriages, and the advocacy of the Pope's temporal sovereignty which he—a zealous Protestant—has lately volunteered, forbid us to hold him up as a standard by which political purity or honesty can be reputably measured. It is true that comparison, however favourable, is not exoneration; but after all, in questions of relative public morality, the whole issue depends upon whether a man is loftier or lower than his contemporary compatriots.

As to the political morality of the Emperor himself, it is difficult to avoid a somewhat cynical conclusion; but exaggeration, either of statement or of colouring, is surely as much out of place as justification would be. The *coup d'état* unquestionably involved an amount of lying and conspiracy which will bear no discussion, a considerable, though probably not a needless amount of violence, and a degree of deliberate cruelty which, though absurdly over-stated, was enough to affix a lasting stain to his reputation. For the rest, we do not know that he can be said to have been either more false or more grasping than other sovereigns and statesmen, while in many directions his notions have been sounder, his aims more sagacious, and his action more beneficent than is usual with such potentates. It is true that he has played fast and loose with Italy and Rome; but he was between two powerful influences and the horns of a perilous dilemma. It is true he abandoned the unhappy Maximilian whom he had betrayed into the position of Emperor of Mexico; but it is now plain that however villainously his generals there may have behaved, the course of circumstances and the state of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic left him absolutely no choice. It is true that he was not altogether a *generous* ally in the Crimea; but when were Frenchmen either generous or just when military fame or convenience are at stake? It is true he seized upon Savoy and Nice under the deceptive cover of a *plebiscitum*. All we can say is that we heard M. Guizot himself defend that seizure, and M. de Tocqueville declare that if Louis Napoleon ever obtained the frontier of the Rhine for France, he would excuse him all his malefactions, and forego all fu-

ture opposition. And we heard an illustrious (Whig) English statesman, after a political experience of fifty years, aver that of all the French rulers he had had to deal with, the Emperor was unquestionably the most truthful and reliable.

But we must not allow our attention to be diverted from the precise thesis before us. We are not dealing with the *character* of Louis Napoleon, properly so called, nor with the sentence which history will pass on his virtues and misdeeds. We are endeavouring merely to draw up a balance-sheet of the good and the evil which, when all is realized and all accounts made up, he will be found to have wrought to Europe and to France. Whether, therefore, regarded from this point of view, his suppression of parliamentary government and his conversion of a republic into an autocracy, should be carried to the debtor or creditor side of the account, is independent of the moral features of the transaction. Admitting this limitation of the inquiry, however, it is urged that he suppressed or fettered all freedom of speech and writing (freedom of individual action never was complete in France, and has not been much, if at all, curtailed by the Emperor), and that neither intellect nor true progress can flourish where liberty is thus gagged. The bare allegation is in a great measure undeniable. There remains the question, what is the measure of mischief wrought by the admitted facts? And, first, as to the extinction or paralysis of parliament. We will not enter on the vexed questions whether parliamentary institutions are suitable for France; whether the Frenchmen of to-day are ripe for them; whether they can be made to work satisfactorily in concert with such a centralized bureaucracy as exists, and as seems about the most permanent thing that does exist, in that country. But how far was parliamentary government a blessing to the nation while it lasted? It cultivated a high and racy sort of eloquence; so far it was a valuable school and a fascinating arena of display. It stimulated the political interest of the people, and operated as a most efficient educator in public affairs. So far it was a good, but, as with ourselves, far from an unalloyed good; for factions grew under the stimulus, and factions are rarely patriotic, and are usually inspired by the meanest and fiercest personal ambitions. Factions led to corruption almost as lavish and shameless as that which flourishes under imperialism. The history of parliamentarism under the Orleanists is scarcely one on which Frenchmen can look back with unmixed pride. The question to be determined is —

would a parliament during the last twenty years have acted more wisely, or nobly, or beneficially than the Emperor has done? It may well be questioned. Perhaps even it may be confidently denied. Probably it would not have been so daringly extravagant; but the Emperor's wild expenditure we have already carried to the debit side of his account. It might not have been more warlike, but its wars would have been less defensible. It would certainly not have undertaken the disastrous Mexican expedition, but it would not improbably have embarked in a Polish crusade, just as futile and far less promising. It might, *perhaps*, not have forced on the Crimean war, — quite certainly it never would have dreamed of anything so Quixotic or unselfish as the Italian one. What it might have done in the Roman affair it is hard to say; probably its action would have been still more ungenerous than the Emperor's has been. For we must remember that it was the French *republic* which crushed by violence the Roman one, against the avowed sympathies of the then President, and replaced the ecclesiastical tyrant on his deserted throne. And the Emperor has twice attempted, and once at least with apparent sincerity, to withdraw his troops. It may well be doubted whether a Parisian parliament would have done more. On the whole, therefore, we are inclined, if not to give a verdict of acquittal on this indictment, at least to pass a lenient and hesitating sentence. As to the inauguration of that more enlightened commercial policy which has already done so much for France, we know that a liberal parliament never would have entertained it for a moment.

But the Emperor has gagged the press; — and that in English eyes is a heinous wrong, and in the latitude of England would be a grievous evil. But even here the facts should be scrutinized with something of judicial fulness, calmness, and impartiality. He has subjected the journals no doubt to a rigid and arbitrary control, has been peremptory, dogmatic, suspicious, narrow and severe, has checked all vigorous language, and silenced as far as he could all hostile opinion. *Culpa sua, culpa maxima sua*. Nevertheless he left books and first-class reviews wholly unfettered, unless by liability to ordinary legal prosecution, — seldom or never by the way, we believe, actually resorted to in their case. And the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Lanfrey's life of the first Napoleon, have shown what could be published under this immunity. In the next place, journals have always had a disturbing and dangerous influence in France,

and more than one formidable rising might be traced to their exciting language; and the French radical newspapers of the hour, as well as the Irish national ones, are at hand to show us the lengths of incendiarism, falsehood, invective, and misguidance to which they will go when unfettered by the arm of power. Thirdly, so well is this tendency and this influence of French journalism known, that there never has been a Government in France which has not dealt with newspaper writing in a fashion which we in this country should have deemed unwise or unwarrantable. Were there no press prosecutions under Louis Philippe? Were there no coercive laws put in execution by M. Guizot? The Emperor has done what they did; only he has done it more effectually, more harshly, and more systematically; and now M. Rochefort and his *collaborateurs* are doing all that in them lies to justify the unrelenting course he has pursued. On the whole we question whether, comparing the Imperial with the old monarchical régime, under this clause of the indictment we can say much more than "not proven," as far as actual mischief is concerned. For the habitual mis-statements and falsifications published in official and semi-official journals, no condemnation can be too sweeping. But alas! who in France is clear enough to cast the first stone?

As to the general alleged decline in the tone and substance of literary productions under the Imperial régime, both in intellectual and moral characteristics, that is another subject altogether, and can scarcely be traceable to any fetters on liberty of expression. We do not think that the tone of such *political* writings as have appeared, indicates deterioration in thought or justice of sentiment — rather the reverse. How far the increasing degeneracy in the whole tone and colouring of lighter literature is connected with the looser morals of the Empire and the court, is a different and a difficult question, on which perhaps an outsider is scarcely competent to pronounce. If we might venture to offer an opinion we should be inclined to say that the deterioration, which cannot be denied, has been progressive for the last thirty years under every form of government, and has consisted not certainly in declining ability, nor in more daring voluptuousness, but in an icier and coarser cynicism, and in a more prevailing and eager craving for extravagant and unnatural sensations. Dumas *fils* is hardly more indecorous than Dumas *père*, and while unhealthier in tone displays a far higher order of intelligence. Victor Hugo,

who has written under four régimes, is the Victor Hugo of the Restoration still, with his faults perhaps a little exaggerated, his colouring a little daubier and coarser, and neither his passions nor his vigour much tamed by age. Edmund About is not worse than Balzac, nor much less able; and George Sand at sixty is scarcely more indecent than George Sand at twenty, though unquestionably a far meaner writer than she who once gave us *Consuelo*.

But that the morals of the Imperial circle and the general tone of thought and sentiment current at the Tuileries have been an evil example to the nation, and have exercised a pernicious influence over the social morality of France, is, we fear, a matter about which no doubt exists. The court of Louis Philippe was eminently respectable, if dull and *bourgeois*. That of Charles X. was stupidly bigoted rather than specially sinful. The present Emperor reached the throne with his craving for pleasure whetted by a life of comparative hardship and privation; and matched with a pleasure-loving wife, and surrounded by pleasure-loving followers still hungrier than himself, he rushed into the very extreme of inordinate indulgence and vulgar splendour, and for a time gave such full scope to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," as scandalized even the not very strict notions of high society in Paris. Much of this has now passed away, but the mischief which it wrought remains. The gaudy voluptuousness and the unmeasured extravagance of the court fostered two of the most noxious and persistent propensities of the nation, — its intense materialism and its passion for sensual indulgence. The lavish expenditure of which the Tuileries set the fashion demoralized all classes. The imaginations of both readers and writers of fiction, of military men and nobles, of men of business and common tradesmen, revelled in visions of boundless luxury and sudden affluence, of wild waste and gorgeous magnificence. The millionaire became the hero of the time; the Bourse was the battlefield where victory was to be won, not by adding productively to the nation's wealth, but by despoiling others of their means; speculation superseded or obscured steady industry, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the empire sought at once excitement and renown in a mad rivalry as to who should scamper through a noble fortune most speedily and most insanely. The popular novels of the day teem with pictures of this mean form of imbecile vanity: no one has painted it more vividly than M. About in his *Madelon*. Meanwhile this excessive

and irrational expenditure raised the price enormously of all the luxuries and of many of the necessaries of life; it has become more and more difficult to live honestly; to the honest with fixed and limited incomes it has become very difficult to live at all. Strange sad stories are told of the low straits that all, especially the upper classes and the pleasure-hunters, are reduced to to keep afloat: strange stories of the costly luxury in which ladies of rank and position insist upon indulging; sad stories of the means by which alone that cost can be defrayed. Probably this exasperation of the national passion for material splendour and material enjoyment will be found in the end to be the worst legacy which the Empire has bequeathed to France, and the heaviest sin to be placed to the debit side of the Imperial régime.*

In estimating the benefits to Europe and to France with which the Emperor may be fairly credited, we will begin, as before, with the pecuniary part of the account. It has been his steady aim, ever since his accession, to enrich his nation by encouraging its enterprise and developing its resources, to turn active minds from politics by concentrating their attention on the pursuit of material wealth, and to make men rich in order to compensate them for not being free. He has followed this obvious line of policy with his usual sagacity and persistency as far as was compatible with his other, and often scarcely reconcilable, desire for the establishment of his influence over the affairs of Europe; though it is certain that he has often marred his purposes and defeated his primary object, by the sense of insecurity which his dark and intriguing disposition has spread through the political world, rendering the tranquillity and confidence so necessary to commercial undertakings often deplorably and fatally precarious. Still his success has been remarkable; — France has grown rapidly rich under his reign, and producers, at least, have benefited largely by the rise of prices in nearly all home articles, while the wages of the working classes have been very considerably enhanced by lavish expenditure and artificial employment. The future, no doubt, has been recklessly sacrificed to the present; and loans instead of taxes have supplied the means of Imperial extravagance. But the system of open

* Perhaps the support of the Pope and the occasional deference to the clerical party might be added; but neither the extent nor the practical operation of these *égarements* are easy to measure, and we are by no means clear that a parliamentary government might not have offended in the same direction.

loans which he introduced, and which is believed to have been his own design, has furnished the peasantry — always a hoarding class — with a ready and secure investment for their savings. Formerly they invested these solely in the purchase of land, which yielded a very low interest and cost extravagantly dear.* Now they lend to the Government and obtain four or five per cent. for their money; and naturally are interested in the stability of the dynasty which is thus at once their enricher and their debtor.

The elasticity of the revenue is a fair indication of the prosperity of a nation. Now, though we believe no new taxes have been imposed, the ordinary revenue has risen from 1,360 millions of francs in 1850 to 1,722 millions in 1869.

The Emperor early perceived the importance of railway enterprise for developing the resources of the country, and he fostered it by what were regarded as inordinately liberal concessions. The result has answered his expectations. Thus:

Railroads open for traffic in France.

In 1848	1,830 kilometres
„ 1849	2,222 „
„ 1860	9,076 „
„ 1867	14,382 „
„ 1868	15,856 „

The general commerce of France has augmented at a surprising rate. The increase has been fourfold in the last twenty years.

Total value of merchandise imported into and exported from France, distinguishing the value of imports for consumption and of French produce, exported in each of the years 1847-48 and 1867-68:—

IMPORTS.

Years	Total imports	Imported for home consumption
	Francs	Francs
1847	1,342,800,000	975,900,000
1848	861,900,000	550,600,000
1867	4,080,800,000	3,026,500,000
1868	4,258,200,000	3,303,700,000

EXPORTS.

Years	Total exports	Exports of home produce
	Francs	Francs
1847	1,270,700,000	891,100,000
1848	1,153,000,000	833,700,000
1867	3,934,200,000	2,825,900,000
1868	3,720,900,000	2,789,900,000

* The average price of land has fallen considerably in France during the Empire. — *Enquête agricole — Rapport officiel*, par M. de Morry.

The Emperor is well known to be far ahead of his countrymen in his views of commercial policy. He is at heart a Free-trader; they are in the main Protectionists. But he has had the nerve to force upon them to a considerable extent his own enlightened notions. The Commercial Treaty between England and France, now so much impugned by malcontents on both sides of the Channel, could never have been negotiated under either the Bourbons, or the Orleanists, or a Republic. Yet observe how trade has thriven under its auspices.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Total value of imports and exports of merchandise from and to France in each of the years 1858-9, 1867-8:—

Years	Imports from France		Exports to France	
	£		British	Foreign
1858	13,271,890	.	4,863,131	. 4,379,070
1859	16,870,858	.	4,754,354	. 4,807,602
1867	33,734,803	.	12,121,010	. 10,901,410
1868	34,684,343	.	10,633,721	. 12,861,449

We have debited Louis Napoleon with the entire cost of the Crimean war. It is but fair, therefore, that he should be credited with the whole benefit, immediate and secondary, which Europe has reaped from that fearful episode of slaughter and waste. It cannot be denied that ever since the overthrow of the first Napoleon, to which she largely contributed, Russia has exercised a growing and a baneful influence on the politics of central and southern Europe. She was everywhere the mainstay and bulwark of oppression—the unflinching hope of despots in the last resort, in their tyrannical enterprises and in their hour of danger. She had lain like an incubus upon the progress of the Continent towards a freer and a happier day. She had been the soul of the Holy Alliance. She had been always ready to step forward and trample out the first sparks of liberty and the budding hopes of patriots. She had replaced Hungary under the yoke of Austria when Austria herself had proved unequal to the task, and she had been the reserve power in the back-ground which had indirectly enabled Austria to keep down the ever-seething ferment of Italian independence. Moreover she was able to dictate to despotic monarchs as well as to protect them. Her power was known to be great and was believed to be irresistible. She was moreover grasping as well as oppressive. For forty years Europe had watched with anxiety the steady and stealthy steps of the great aggressor towards ever wider and

wider dominion both in Asia and the West; had seen her incorporating neighbour after neighbour in defiance of resistance and of right, like a vast boa-constrictor first lubricating them with diplomatic slime, then crushing them in the close embrace of her "protection," then swallowing them by the slow process of absorption. Finland, Bessarabia, the Crimea, Trans-Caucasia, were already seized and annexed. The turn of Denmark and Turkey was coming, and then all Europe would be enfolded in her grasp. From this fate the Crimean war delivered us. The power of the Colossus was broken up for a long period to come, and her indirect influence on the position of Austria, Prussia, and the minor German States entirely ceased. For the last fourteen years she has concentrated her efforts on internal improvements, and has exercised scarcely any perceptible control abroad, and the difference has been felt in every country and city from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The Continent has been relieved from an undefined, but a most sensible oppression, as well as from a future danger.

For the liberation of Italy, its independence of foreign domination, and its erection into a united kingdom, the Emperor is, we think, entitled to the full credit. It is true that he did not accomplish or even design or foresee the whole that has taken place. It is true that events travelled faster and further than he intended, and in some measure exceeded and even traversed his views. Still it remains true that he and he only made the liberation of the peninsula possible, and achieved the first great step towards its attained completion. He drove the Austrians out of Lombardy. He opened the way to the obvious further operation, the junction of the Emilian Provinces with Piedmont. He permitted the Garibaldian adventure. He obtained Venetia from Austria and handed it over to the king who had so signally failed to win it by his own power. Without his intervention in 1859, the Italian people could have done nothing for themselves. Native insurrection had failed repeatedly, and foreign aid was clearly indispensable. Italy was made by Magenta and Solferino; Magenta and Solferino were the Emperor's own deed, and, we may add, without the previous achievement of the Crimean war, Magenta and Solferino never would have been attempted, or would have had a very different result. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Italian war of independence is due not to France, but to the personal volition of the Emperor. Every Orleanist statesman blamed him, and the great majority of

French politicians of all classes deemed the emancipation and unification of the peninsula an injury to French interests and a blunder in French policy. Under Louis Philippe or Charles X., under any parliamentary system, probably under any republic, no such Quixotic piece of generosity would have been adventured.

England, too, as well as Italy, has been undeniably a debtor to the good-will of the Emperor. He regards this country with respect, perhaps even with a certain gratitude for the long refuge it afforded him, and for the friendly and frank reception it gave to that national decision in his favour, which sanctioned or at least condoned the forestalling action of the *coup d'état*. He appreciates our institutions and understands our strength also better than most of his countrymen. More than once has he stood our friend when our language or proceedings had irritated the morbid susceptibilities of Frenchmen, once certainly (after the Orsini attempt) he saved the anger and jealousy of the hotter spirits in the army from bringing on a war; and has, as a rule, adhered steadily and even anxiously to the English alliance, when probably any other Government would have relinquished it. It would be wrong for us to withhold our frank expression of appreciation of the services he has thus rendered to this country as well as to his own; and the practical value of the service is not diminished even if we admit that egotism and policy and not kindly feeling was the prominent inducement to the course pursued.

Nor ought we to be less candid in admitting his radical superiority to his uncle in many, perhaps in most, essential points of character. We say this, not because he has stood our friend when the first Napoleon was our most malignant foe; — it is that we are at last beginning really to understand what manner of man his predecessor was. Thanks partly to the Napoleon correspondence and to M. Lanfrey's high-minded and equitable analysis of its disclosures, we see the great conqueror of the age in his true colours, — as probably the very worst, and assuredly the very vulgar, of all the men of genius who have figured in the Western world. Endowed

with a military capacity almost miraculous in its instinctive insight, and an iron will that overcame for many years every conflicting volition, he had no other genuine qualification for rule or sway over men or States. His contempt for the rights and feelings of those with whom he had to deal was perpetually exasperating hostility which no military genius less wonderful than his could have suppressed. His ignorance and insolence, no less than his ambition, were for ever precipitating him into blunders which undid in a day the achievements of the most astonishing victories. He had thousands of dazzled devotees; probably not one truly attached friend. He fascinated the imaginations of men: he never won their love. He had no generosity, no sense of justice, no capability of affection. He grasped at the fame and credit that belonged to others, just as greedily and meanly as at the possessions and acquisitions of others. His falsity was, probably, something quite unequalled: his heartlessness the same. Perhaps so completely bad a man, one so unscrupulously cruel, so utterly without one redeeming moral trait, and, as we said, so *vulgar* to the very core of his nature, never gained supreme power in Europe. His nephew has always been the master of those passions of which his overbearing uncle was the helpless slave, and finally the unpitied victim. He has always been able to judge and measure obstacles and opposition; to calculate costs, to recognize the unattainable, to wait, to recede, and to forego. His uncle had flashes of insight; he has had patience of thought. His political intellect is far truer and profounder, and immeasurably more enlightened by culture and reflection; his mistakes have nearly always been miscalculations, not mad ungovernable desires. He has understood his age, his country, his capacities and his position, as his uncle never could be taught to do. Hence, he has lasted already some years longer; he has on the whole been a fertilizing rather than a desolating influence; and he will probably be found to have left a more enduring mark upon the map of Europe, if not upon the general character of his time.

W. R. G.

CHANTREY's tablet, executed on the order of Dr. Booth, to the memory of Kirke White, is to be removed from the old church of All Saints, Cambridge, now in the course of demolition, to

the chapel of St. John's College. On Thursday the Cambridge vestry, in compliance with the wishes of the families of White and Booth, passed a resolution to that effect.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

TWO LADIES—TWO HOURS.

"Girl, get you in!" She went, and in one month
 They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
 To lands in Kent, and messuages in York,
 And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
 And educated whisker.

I

WHAT restless genius is it that takes so malicious a pleasure in shifting and mingling the various materials of which daily life is composed? No sooner are a set of people and circumstances comfortably sorted out together, than they are suddenly engulfed, dispersed, revolved away,—no sooner are they well dispersed than all the winds, and horses, and laws of gravitation are struggling to bring them together again. Take, for instance, a colony of people living next door to each other and happily established. How long are they left in peace? One dear member crosses the sea—another soon follows, and the remainder cannot fill up the gap. Or let us even take a company of five or six persons comfortably talking round a fire. How long will their talk last on? An hour rarely—half-an-hour, perhaps—even ten minutes is something saved out of the rush of circumstance; and then a clock begins to strike any number from one to twelve; an organ to grind distractingly; a carriage to roll slowly, crushing the gravel outside. Visions flit in of expectant wives and husbands, of impatient coachmen, of other semi-circles—enter Mrs. Grundy,—five o'clock tea, the fire begins to smoke, or what not, and the comfortable little circles jar, break up, disperse in all directions. And, indeed, if a certain number of people are happily established together, the whole combination of accidental circumstances is against them, and nothing can happen that will not interfere more or less with their harmony.

Years ago a little set of people had been sitting round the fire at Brand House, and had dispersed east and west, and for a dozen years, and on the day about which I am writing, some of them had come together again by an odd accident. It is true they were sitting in stiffer attitudes than when they had last assembled, and some of them

seemed to have wigs and masks on, compared to their old remembrance of each other. A little girl who was playing in her pinafore last time, is now dressed up as a real young lady, with a red petticoat, and looped grey dress, and round grey eyes, and a chignon; a young fox-hunting parson is disguised as an archdeacon; the hostess, who was a handsome and dignified person twelve years ago, has put on a black front and spectacles, which certainly do not improve her appearance; the least changed of the party is a young man, who had just come of age when they last met all together. He has grown a thick beard, he has travelled, and learnt to smoke a narghilé since his last visit to Brand House; but, on the whole, he is not greatly altered.

They have been sitting for an hour, and reading and talking of one thing and another, while a log of wood has changed into blue and golden flames. Mrs. Brandiscombe, in the wig and spectacles, announces an arrival by the six-o'clock train. Her son-in-law, the Archdeacon, and his lady, who are returning home next day, talk about stations and cross-roads and convenient trains. The young traveller, it seems, is leaving too, and going to another country-house, called The Mount, about a mile off. The young lady is pressed to stay. "Dear Caroline" (the expected guest) "would be so disappointed to miss her." The girl hesitates, blushes up, says she thinks she must go home with her uncle the Archdeacon; she shall see her friend at dinner; she cannot accept the Merediths' invitation to The Mount; she is wanted at home. They all try to persuade her to change her mind; and just as she is giving way the carriage is announced. Mrs. Brandiscombe instantly rises to get ready, and they all disperse; some go to their rooms, some out into the cold dim December world all round about; their voices die away on the staircase and passages, and everything is silent.

Janet Ireton, the young lady in the chignon, is delayed in the hall for a minute by Mr. Hollis of the beard, who asks her if she is going to walk with her uncle. Janet answers shyly and quickly, and springs upstairs lightfooted. She comes upon the two elder ladies leisurely proceeding down the passage.

"He is most to blame, if *those* are his real intentions," says Mrs. Brandiscombe. "He should not cause a young girl to be remarked upon; it is not the first time."

"It is his way, mamma," says Mrs. Debenham, the Archdeacon's second wife. "The Archdeacon won't believe me. What does it matter? he is very nice. I assure you, he means nothing. Don't you remember how he flirted with me and with — Oh, Janet, I didn't hear you."

"Hm — ah! — girls cannot be too careful," says Mrs. Brandiscombe, turning into her room, while Janet, with tingling ears and cheeks, flies down a side passage. The coachman, to his indignation, is actually kept waiting ten minutes.

Janet, who is in her great room at the end of the passage, fastening a black hat, with a smart red feather, becomingly on the top of her chignon, is surprised by a tap at the door, and an apparition of Mrs. Brandiscombe herself, ready veiled, and gloved, and caped, and prepared for her daily airing in the close carriage.

"Although it is against my custom to keep the horses waiting," says the old lady, "it has occurred to me that, as I am going to call upon Mrs. Meredith, you might like to send some message. Are you quite determined to return home to-morrow?"

"Almost quite," Janet said, wistfully, looking into the old lady's wrinkled face. "I have had a delightful holiday. Everybody has been so kind — I don't —"

"I merely wished to ascertain your intentions," said the shrouded figure, preparing to go. "We are only too glad to keep you, Janet; although I cannot but agree with my daughter in her opinion of our guest. He has, if I don't mistake, a very special reason for wishing to prolong his stay in this neighbourhood — a lady whom he knew. . . . But I am not at liberty — I merely wish to express a hope that your name may not be coupled with his, and to approve of your self-respect and prudent consideration for other people's opinion."

Mrs. Brandiscombe had been uttering dark oracles ever since Janet's arrival, but none so definite as this. The girl listened, half angry, half incredulous, half indignant. Then she ran downstairs in no very amiable frame of mind. Mr. Hollis was gone. Her

uncle was waiting for her in the hall, rolling an umbrella, and prepared to start. Janet walked away still disturbed in her mind.

"What has become of Mr. Hollis?" said the Archdeacon, looking up and down the misty garden. "He promised to wait for us here."

"Who wants Mr. Hollis?" said Janet. "Come along, uncle John; we shall lose the best part of the day."

II.

Who does not know the look of furniture in a room lately vacated, as it stands about the chimney-piece in confidential proximity? A sort of faint image of the people who are gone is still in the deserted chamber. Stuffed arm-chairs with sprawling castored legs turned towards each other, a *duchesse* with a grand lace back in an affected attitude by the table, a sprinkling of light bachelor cane-chairs joining into the conversation, and then the hostess's state chair in its chintz dressing-gown by the chimney corner, with its work-basket, its paper-cutter, and its book by its side. The book at Brand House is *Early Years of the Prince Consort*. There is a lozenge and a coat of arms upon the paper-cutter. One of the castored chairs has been reading the *Guardian*, which is now lying in a dead faint upon the floor all doubled over. On the grand lace-covered cushion rests a little green book of poetry, with a sprig of holly to mark the place. Everything is quite silent, and a coal falls into the fender, which conscientiously reflects the fire. There is a distant roll (not so loud as that which announces the arrival of the carriage on the stage), then more silence; some one walking in the garden looks in through the tall window. You may see through the glass that it is the gentleman with the black beard and black eyes and country leggings who was lately established by the lace chair.

He walks away and disappears behind a laurel-bush, and then nothing more happens till the clock begins to strike. With the last stroke of four comes a sound of voices, a rustling of silks. The door opens wide, and a lady is standing in the middle of the room, looking curiously up and down with bright slow glances. Her glances are those of a well-esteemed and well-satisfied person. People look what they are, gazing at other lives; they look what they *feel* when they are sitting being gazed at. It is curious to note the different expressions with which people see the daily life-pictures that pass before them, the long portrait-galleries, the pictures of still life for housekeepers, the *tableaux de genre* in our homes. Some look criti-

cally, secure of their own standing, though it may be on a different level; others, wistfully, feeling that they have no share, and are always looking on; others—and to this class my lady belongs—with a half-sympathy and a half-indifference. She does not care to feel a whole sympathy, her life has been too complete and calm for that; and yet its very completeness and calmness, which have left no room for some things she may once have dreamt of, prevent her from feeling the whole indifference of very happy people; and now and then she gives a glance from her sheltered bower at the sun and the winds in which others are struggling in the plains without.

Slow as these glances are, they have noted everything; the chairs, the tall windows, across one of which gusty branches were brushing; she sees the distant corners of the room reflected in the dim looking-glasses; she looks back to know if the butler has followed her, and then moves, with a smile, towards the farthest window, passing, reflected on from one grim looking-glass to another (sometimes sideways, sometimes crossing some distant room in a contrary direction to that in which she is really moving), and at last she stops in the shadowy darkness and light of the farthest window. She can see the grey garden through its panes, the black trees and blue dull lawn, the boughs all swaying, the mists hanging from the creaking branches or heaped up at the end of the long alleys; only towards the sea the heavy clouds are rent, and a pale grey gleam lights up the silver and steel of the waters beyond the oak-tree glade. Mist and sea and land without, the familiar streaks and shadows and reflections within. It is a dozen years since she last saw it all; more than that.

My lady, whose name is Caroline, is about thirty years old, a soft happy-looking woman, with brown bright hair, with dimpled cheeks and pretty white hands, on which flash and twinkle a great many diamond rings as she unhooks the clasp of her red gipsy cloak. It slides along her black silk folds and falls in a comfortable purple red heap all round about her feet. So she stands, taking in every indication of what now is, and of what is left since the last time when she stood in this very corner; the same woman, looking out at the same sea and sky and rustling trees, so unchanged did it all seem to her, so unchanged did she feel. For in two minutes the circles have turned inversely: she has travelled back, beginning at the nearest end of her life: her return, her wanderings, her widowhood, her children, her marriage, her early

troubles all whirl past. People are not only their present selves but all their own selves at the same time—sometimes one and sometimes another comes uppermost; and Caroline Rowland is one particular self of a dozen years ago at this minute, an old sad childish self with an odd prescience of the future. Other spirits are there too, dressed in their old-fashioned dresses. Some are alive, some are dead people. The spirit of poor Mr. Brandiscombe is evoked; she can see him in his big chair as he sits nodding off to sleep. Mrs. Brandiscombe has cast away her front, Fanny (she is married to the Archdeacon now: she married a year after her cousin) is sitting at the piano singing "Theckla's Sorrows," set to music. How she used to sing, rolling her little fat body from side to side, and winking her little pig's eyes! . . . With all this rush of old emotion more visions come, bringing a faint blush into the widow's cheek. One of them is the remembrance of a young man. It comes striding across the room saying good-by in a quick, impatient voice.

She remembers looking up in a bewildered incredulous way, and turning and almost blinded by what she saw,—she could not meet his parting looks, they seemed to kill her as she stood beneath them; she could not speak nor cry before them all. She remembered holding on tight by the marble table: all the rest of the room was swinging before her meanwhile in tune to Fanny Brandiscombe's screams. "Why do people remember such things?" says poor Caroline, protesting.

Fanny Brandiscombe would have been flattered if she could have known how many years that song would go on ringing in her cousin's ears. Sometimes people quite unconsciously do something, say something, that is to last another person's lifetime. Sometimes it is, alas! their own lifetime that they put into a passing moment—a minute that never ceases for them. It goes on through life, and beyond life, perhaps, to that other life where how many of us, if the choice were ours, would not gladly carry the sorrows and remembrances of this one? It was a minute like this that Caroline was remembering. To-day, loved and trusted and independent of others, and well-considered by the world, and on good terms with herself, she felt as if she could almost envy her girlish humility and innocent helplessness. Now, her standard might be a little wider perhaps, but it was not so high; now she might be happier, perhaps, but not so happy—sorrowier, but never so sorry.

The things that she had hoped for of late

seemed sordid and small compared to the old dreams of her youth. Men and women are not stocks and stones looking on unaltered at events as they go by; one's life must affect one in the end. One of the many voices that are in the silence says to Mrs. Rowland: "Yours is an easy life now; your old one was hard and sad and unselfish; the old one was best—the old one was the best."

"What is the use of thinking about it!" says Mrs. Rowland, impatient even from the heights of her serene indifference, and she moves back impatiently to the fire again, glad to escape into to-day once more. "How cold it is. I suppose aunt Brandiscombe still locks up the coal? No one should leave anything unlocked, not even a coal-cellar. It *was* a shame, wasn't it?" (the widow is appealing to her own face in the glass: it looks so sympathizing that she bursts out laughing). "How I cried that night going to bed in the moonlight, and Fanny Brandiscombe cried too. I wonder why she cried? I think if any young man ever empties the cream-jug into my little Kitty's tea as George Hollis did into mine, I should expect him to come forward, and not to go away for ever without a word. I was civil enough when we met at Florence, and John asked him to dinner."

I think it was to escape from spells of her own fancy, and to feel herself safe in commonplace again, that this modern Melusina rang the bell violently, pulling at a great limp worsted-work arm with a huge brazen hand.

"Will you bring me some tea, if you please," says Mrs. Rowland to a butler, who appeared in answer to the pull, and whose calm, clerical appearance dispersed the ghosts that had been disporting themselves.

The butler looks puzzled.

"Mrs. Brandiscombe will be in to tea at five o'clock," he says, doubtfully. "She has given orders to get everything ready for five, but, of course —"

"Oh, very well," says Mrs. Rowland, "I'll wait. Is there anybody staying in the house?"

"The Archdeacon and Mrs. Debenham are staying till to-morrow, and Miss Ireton remains, I believe," says the butler. "Mr. Hollis is just gone—his luggage is to follow him to the Mount—Mr. Franks left yesterday."

"It is very cold," says Mrs. Rowland, with a little start and shiver; "could you put a log on the fire; and— and bring me a paper, if you please?"

"To-day's papers are only just come," says the butler, respectfully; "and Mrs.

Brandiscombe always likes to open them herself."

Any other time Caroline Rowland would have laughed outright at the old, well-remembered cranks, that had lasted out so many better things; but to-day all this thinking and remembering have sobered her usual bright spirits; a sort of uneasy doubt has taken hold of her; a sort of self-reproach that had been waiting for her for years; lurking patiently in wait in that dim corner yonder, while other feelings and events came and passed, and time and place shifted, and sorrows changed, and melted into peace. What had she done? Could she forgive herself now? Not quite. Going back into that old corner, it had seemed to her as if her old conscience had laid hands on her—At last I hold you—at last! Why did you try to escape from me? What have you been about? Why had you so little patience? Why did you flirt with poor John when you loved George Hollis? Was that why he was angry? A thought of what might have been—of a union of true hearts, a vision so different from what its reality had been—seemed to pass before her. "Forgive me, dear John," she was saying in her heart all the time. And perhaps she loved her husband most at this very instant, when she told herself how little she had loved him. Caroline was a woman who, if need be, could put her conscience into another person's keeping; and in John's lifetime he had been purse-bearer and conscience-keeper for them both; and she had but to look nice, and keep within her allowance, and attend to her children, and nurse him when he had the gout, and never think of the past—that, you know, would have been wrong for a married woman; but for a widow—for a widow it was very silly.

It was odd and unexpected and uncomfortable altogether, and that odd chance mention of a name had chilled her; and if she had known she was going to feel like this, nothing would have induced her to come; but soon the widow calmed down, and the fire burnt warm, and she pulled her knitting from her pocket, and in putting the little loops together on the needles she found distraction. In *Villette* the impetuous Emanuel desires Lucy Snow to drop every stitch of work that is not intended especially for him. Many people would have to go bare-shod if all the stitches were dropped that are not theirs by right. If the moments of distraction, of despondency, that are knitted into even rows were to be taken away from the wearers of the silken chains, and purses, and woollen socks—the hopeless regrets knitted away in dumb records

of grey, and red, and white wool—little Tom Rowland, for one, would have his toes through. But by degrees, as she worked on, his mother grew more quiet and more calm; her flushed face softened to its usual placid sweetness; the lights of the fire were shining on her hair; the comfortable warmth soothed and tranquillized her; and she sat at last, working much as usual, the very personification of rippling silken prosperity, installed by the fire in Mrs. Brandiscombe's own chair, the deep folds of shining black, warm in the red firelight, the needles gleaming as they crisscrossed each other on their journey.

III.

MEANWHILE a grey December day is mistily spreading over the great bare plain in front of the house, across which Mrs. Brandiscombe's fat horses trot daily. It is all sandy and furze-grown, with pools gleaming black and white, and dull green prickly things growing. The roads travelling across the plain go floundering from white sand into yellow mud. Here and there in the mist some stunted slate-tiled house is standing. It may be warm within and dry and light; from without those lonely tenements look like little coffins lying unburied. The clouds are hanging over the plain; towards the sea they seem to break, and some of their misty veils are parting and swinging on a low gusty wind. Two figures are trudging along the road—two people, tired of sitting at home, who have come out to refresh themselves with clouds and stormy shadows, and rain-gusts, and dead furze. One of these people—the Archdeacon who married Fanny Brandiscombe—walks regularly for a constitutional; he has an objection to getting over-stout. His companion, Miss Janet of the red petticoat, is the daughter of a less prosperous parson than himself, who married the Archdeacon's sister twenty years before. As the girl walks along her quick feet almost pass the heavy-gaitered steps; all the damp grey fogs and mist seem turning to roses on her cheeks; she has high arched eyebrows, stiff hair, circling grey eyes. Far off in the distance comes a third person pursuing them: the gentleman in the country gaiters, who is trying to meet them at the cross-road. He had come out oppressed by a sort of day-mare of chairs and tables; and by the exhausted atmosphere of human sameness pent up for twenty-four hours in Mrs. Brandiscombe's country-house, and by the thought of a meeting that seemed to him very ill-timed, and for which he did not feel prepared just at that special moment. His

is a consciousness with a strain in it, an impetuous, and yet self-doubtful nature. No one would have suspected it, seeing the tall erect figure, the firm striding step. For my own part, I believe that strain to be the saving of an overbearing character. Hollis was not quite true to himself or to his own theories—sceptical as he was by way of being, self-interested as he announced himself, hasty in conclusion as he was; this mental reservation seemed to be a chink in the wall through which the light might penetrate. The little rift may be for good as well as for bad. Mr. Hollis, seeing a red dab of colour and a black dab through the mist, hurried along as quickly as he could, with his faults and virtues, crossing stones and ruts and rucks on his way, and vaulting over a stile, and he soon approached the pair, who were proceeding together apparently, but in reality straggling off to very distant cities and thoroughfares, and talking to each other in two different languages that neither could understand.

"I am very sorry, Janet," the Archdeacon was saying, with his nose up in the air (it was not unlike his niece's). "You do not suppose that I have not weighed it well over in my mind? It gives me the greatest concern to refuse you, and I heartily hope that no other vacancy will ever fall to my gift. Your father, with all his good qualities, is not the man for this one. There would be a general outcry; he would be the last person to wish me to act against my CONVICTIONS." The Archdeacon stepped out briskly, but his companion kept well up with him.

"He would," she was saying; "he never thinks of himself. But you know how good he is, uncle John, and your own convictions can't be changed by outcry. And truth is truth, and if I were an archdeacon, and you were papa, I wouldn't mind what a few spiteful, stupid, narrow-minded people said," cried the girl, more and more excited.

"I am very sorry, my dear, but it is my duty," began her uncle.

"Oh, uncle John, are you quite *sure* it is your duty," implored the girl, eagerly, "and not that you are afraid? God gives one one's relations—"

"And a conscience too," cried the Archdeacon, with a stride, angrily, "though you seem to have none. Enough of this, Janet. You can reserve your persuasions for Hollis; he is not a churchman, and may consult his inclinations. Ask him; Holmsdale is in his gift."

Janet blushed up, a deep red furious blush, and jumped, with a bitter pain suddenly in her heart, right away from her un-

cle's side, across a great pool that was lying reflecting the cloud-heaps. How desolate it all was: some smoke was drifting from a distant factory chimney; some figure far ahead was crossing the furze; some distant cock was crowing a melancholy crow; and the wind came fluttering against her face, and the tears started from her eyes.

"There are not two rights," she was thinking, indignantly. "Uncle John thinks that people get on best in both worlds at once. They don't, they don't, and he doesn't love his neighbour as himself, and he *ought* to help papa. I know it. How *can* he expect me to ask Mr. Hollis for his living. I can't, I won't—now of all times. Oh, how unhappy I am! Oh, how foolish I have been! Perhaps I shall forget about it all when I get home to my poor papa. Oh, how disappointed they will be." The grey eyes were still filling with tears, but the tears did her good, as she rubbed them away with her gauntleted fingers; she felt a hard gulping sensation in her throat, but she choked it down somehow as she hurried on.

Janet was an odd matter-of-fact young person, with a curious amount of courage in her composition. She was very young. She was not afraid of pain. She would inflict it upon herself with a remorseless determination. She was oddly defiant and mistrustful for her age, for she was very young—only eighteen, and young for eighteen. She looked upon herself as an experiment. We most of us have a vague idea of some character that we enact almost unconsciously: some of us look upon ourselves in the light of conclusions (this was the Archdeacon), others of tragedies, others of precepts. There are no end to the disguises and emblems of human nature. I have a friend who is a barometer, another a pair of slippers, another a sonata. I know a teapot (fem.), velocipedes of both genders, a harlequin, and a complete set of fire-irons. Mrs. Rowland might be looked upon as a soft hearth-rug comfortably spread out in the warmth of the blaze.

Meanwhile the experiment is hopping about in the bog, with stiff elfin locks blown by the winds, and grey eyes fixed. "Janet, come back into the pathway," says the Archdeacon, "and don't be foolish." Janet, who is used to obey, and who had spent a great part of her life under her uncle's orders, comes back, but she can't walk with him—she is too indignant for that—so she passes on in front, going on meanwhile with her self-experimentalizing. While the Archdeacon, not sorry to lay hold of a grievance, continues, "Yes, in my days young women did not set so little store by the advice of

their superiors." ("Uncles" did not sound well.) "You think there is something specially heroic in leaving at a time when your prospects may be materially affected—I am obliged to speak plainly—in leaving when your influence may be most important. Janet, I will not have you look at me like that. I think it is an act of headstrong self-will."

"Uncle John!" cried Janet, indignant. She was not afraid of pain, as I have said, and this was about the limit. She had a sort of curiosity to discover how much and how far she could bear. She had been well drilled in a school of repression and patience. Her mother was a whole course of such an education; her father's conscientious zigzags were another lesson in the art; to say nothing of money troubles without end, affairs going wrong, tempers going wrong, small store of sympathy at home, and now—now it seemed to her that her own troubles were in addition to all that had gone before. Whatever it all meant, Janet was determined not to yield weakly and meekly. What did she care for being unhappy? She could bear it as others had done before her. But she did care for this, that she should not lose one atom of the honest self-respect which was her own as yet,—the self-respect that was her right, her inheritance. Why should she put herself in a place to forfeit all of this? She was not pretty, thought Janet of the circling grey eyes, rings of grey and black under straight brows that were knit. A day or two ago—well, a day or two ago, she had been foolish and vain, and when her uncle, in his pompous, bungling way, said something about the reason why Mr. Hollis was staying on, she had only laughed in a delightful consciousness of power; but to-day she had heard a little word from Mr. Hollis himself that had first opened her eyes and disabused her—a little impatient word about hating the place and having no reason to like it; and as he spoke her experiments upon herself had begun that instant. The resolute Janet gave herself not one moment's thought, she shut the shutters as it were, pulled down the curtains, shut out the early dawn in her heart, tried to forget that growing sunlight gleam that she had seen for an instant with dazzled eyes.

The Archdeacon, as he followed her, was also in no very pleasant state of mind. He was picking his way mentally as well as actually: on every side were pools and stones, and dangerous splashes. He was a kind-hearted man, and greatly troubled, although he would not own it to himself, and he clung to his conscience, which happened to

be keeping to a moral sidepath out of the mud. He knew that for years his sister—poor Isabella, Janet's mother—had been looking forward to this living to make up to her for all her long troubles and anxieties. It was to make arid places fertile; to feed, clothe, teach the children; to steady the wavering faith of her husband; to raise them up from the depths into which their little home had been sinking, over-weighted as it was with anxieties, ill-humours, and children and debt. Once the Archdeacon himself had looked forward to this deliverance for them all and his favourite Janet in particular; but now, in these troubled and dangerous times, to set a man like Tom Ireton—who never knew his own mind, and was converted by every ranter he came across—to set such a man as that to stem the dangerous current that had lately set in at Chawhampton, it was impossible; the whole country would cry out against it. Opinion didn't matter at Merton-le-Mere (this was the name of Janet's home); the country louts had no opinions beyond their cider and their pitchforks. Tom might preach himself black in the face, and they would be none the wiser. But at Chawhampton—it was impossible. The Archdeacon had a copy of the letter in his pocket in which he offered the living to Dr. Phillips—a man of his own mind, liberal, decided, with clear views of the future as well as of the present; a man, like himself, fully awake to the importance of checking the dangerous advance of the tide.

"Tom writes that he has always spoken his mind, that he does not know what is coming, that he looks upon change as one of the fundamental laws of the universe. A clergyman has no business to look for change," the Archdeacon concludes; "and if he does he should not say so; if he says so he cannot possibly expect that I should give him my living. And this tiresome girl is as headstrong as her father."

And so they walked on for a minute or two, splashing through a slough of despond, far away from Coombe Common.

"It won't matter much being a little more or less unhappy," was Janet's conclusion. "I shan't mind very much. I don't mind things as other people do," and the girl turned away from the almost irresistible visions that seemed to pierce even through shutters and curtains. "Go, go, go; such things are not for me. I'm not a bit ashamed," thinks Janet. "There is no particular merit in being happy and successful. It's not for me, that is all. It is women like Mrs. Rowland who are made to be

happy. Ah, how happy they must be." And Janet felt that though she might not look at it, that a dawn *was* there for some—for those who were outside in the bright open, watching from their vineyards and illumined by the golden beams.

IV.

"HERE is a friend," said the Archdeacon, not sorry for the arrival of a third person, and calling Janet back with a start to the ruts, the mist, the common, as Hollis caught them up. Now that Hollis had come into the vista it seemed brighter to the girl than any sun-gilt paradise that she had been imagining. Indeed, the chances of life, unexpected and sad as they are, are also more satisfactory at times than the brightest visions of an ardent imagination. For visions partake always more or less of the visionary, and are hackneyed and incomplete just in those things where he fails himself. Reality comes with a wonder of novelty and a fresh strength of its own, with a vividness that the dearest visions fail in. Has it ever happened to any one of us to ponder over some hopeless problem, over and over, and round and about, and at last in despair to give it up as unsolvable, and suddenly one day the door opens, a living answer enters, more complete and satisfactory than any we could ever conceive? The difficulties are over, the thing we could not realize is there before us. It may be a love that was wanted, or an intellect, or a strong will, or a friend, or a sympathy. There it is; no effort of yours has brought it, it has come; and the want being there, the new power is absorbed into the vacuum.

Janet had been facing the wind; when her uncle spoke she turned with bright looks, and stood straight, with flapping grey wings, waiting for Hollis to come up to her.

Brown-legged and black-bearded, with cheerful looks of recognition, the young man arrived across the sea of rain and chalk. As he looked at Janet it struck him that there was a something about her that he had never noticed before; something simple, noble, self-reliant. He thought as he came up that he had never done her looks justice, for he had never thought her even handsome till that minute. And Janet? At that minute she felt that she was free; she might feel some pain, there might be more to come, but she was free, she was no one's bondmaid.

"If you are going through the wood," said Mr. Hollis, cheerfully, "I can walk with you as far as the lodge."

"Is that on your way?" said the Archdeacon, stopping short. "Are you going to the Merediths now, or coming back to the house?"

"I am going now," said Hollis: "she begged me to come early. There is a short-cut from the lodge. I said good-by to my hostess before I came away, and told them to send on my things. I wonder what there is we could say to Miss Ireton to induce her to come over?"

"Janet does not know her own interest," said her uncle, testily, "when she persists in refusing such a very pleasant and well-timed invitation."

The Archdeacon's speech was anything but well-timed. Janet drew herself up.

"I am very sorry, I am wanted at home." She had taught herself her lesson and could repeat it very glibly. As she spoke they had come to a gate, and George Hollis, who held it open for her as she passed, looked at her fixedly for an instant to see if this was a real reason or only an excuse. Janet saw his doubtful look, and her two eyes fell, and her bright cheeks blushed for her and then for themselves. Hollis with some temper let the gate go when she had passed. She was making an excuse, — she did not come because she would not, — she would not because . . . There was no accounting for the vagaries of girls. Miss Ireton had guessed at his displeasure; she looked up defiantly — what was it to her? Then her heart smote her, for it was not a very hard one. "Don't think I am not very sorry," she said. "Who could help being sorry? I shall never forget this happy time." The Archdeacon had waited behind a little to examine the gate; it was a curious hasp, and he wanted one of the same put up in his field to keep out irreverent cows.

"I am so used to come and to go," said Hollis, in a snappish voice, "that I leave fewer regrets behind me than you do. I have no special reason for liking Brand House." It was a cross speech, and only meant that he was offended. Janet thought it meant, not that he was offended, but utterly indifferent. It did not pain her much. This was what she had been expecting ever since her little talk with Mrs. Brandiscombe. The Archdeacon still lingered and the two young people walked on in silence. They had left the common behind them at last, and come into a wild green park. It seemed the last vestige of the thick woods that had once covered the country, reaching down to the sea almost. Janet, with an impatient, quick step or two, had gone a-head, — a bright figure against

the gloom, the grey, the mist: the branches seemed heavy with it, ivy tendrils glistened in the damp, the mosses were green upon the silver trunks, and the lichens were opening wide their grey months. There was a faint aromatic scent in the air from the many fir-cones and spikes; from the golden drops of turpentine that were oozing from the bark; from the damp sweet decay all about, of dying leaves and spreading creepers. And then above were the bare branches, full with the buds of the coming spring; decay, and life, and change, in a sweet, subdued, silent glen, where the dim daylight came dimmer still through the crossing rustle of the beech branches. "This is a lovely sort of Hades," said Hollis, coming to himself again, and looking about.

"I believe it is Meredith's property," said the Archdeacon, who had caught them up; "the place wants thinning, but I can quite understand a man's reluctance to cut down his own trees."

"I shall ask him what he is about," said Hollis. "I know the place of old. I used to come here when my father lived at Portsmouth."

Janet heard so far, and walked on faster to get out of the sound of their voices. Every word and every little event that had happened for the last hour or two, seemed to confirm her more and more in the new interpretation that Mrs. Brandiscombe's words had given to the small events that were so interesting to her. She had been played with, she had been used as a screen to conceal real feelings and interests that were unknown to her. . . . Her bright cheeks blushed with shame as she rushed along, her grey eyes had an odd misty look of anger in them, she picked up a dried stick, upon which some little lichens were clinging still, and began beating it against the stems on either side of the pathway; it soon broke; and she flung the pieces away impatiently. A word had been enough to make her happy, a word had been enough to disabuse her. And yet it was hard, she thought, that this her last walk should be so spoiled; he might be friendly just this last time. And then she waited for them to come up and tried to make friends again, speaking of one thing and another, for she was thinking they might never meet again. Among other things she asked Hollis if he had ever met her friend Mrs. Rowland.

"Is it a case of devoted ladies' friendship?" the young man asked, in his turn.

"Why do you laugh at women's friendships?" said Janet, gently. "Mrs. Rowland would do anything for me." And then

she added, with a fierce look at the poor Archdeacon, "I don't think the kindest men do things only because one asks them. I had much sooner trust a woman."

Janet felt quite ashamed, because, instead of snubbing her, the Archdeacon interposed quite mildly—

"My dear child, that is because you are utterly unreasonable, every one of you, and never stop to think of the obstacles there may be in the way. Mrs. Rowland is charming, but she would be just as unreasonable in granting as you would be in asking."

"I think men invent obstacles," said Janet, mollified a little, "for the pleasure of thinking themselves reasonable in not overcoming them."

"I wish you would try *me* some day, Miss Ireton," said Hollis, laughing; "I should like to do something, reasonable or not, and prove myself as staunch a friend as Mrs. Rowland."

He wondered why a look of pain, followed by a burning blush, came into the girl's face. Instead of answering, she looked away down the long dim avenue by which they had been coming. They had reached the little lodge by this time, where their roads divided. Janet's heart began to beat a little; she felt her uncle's mild inquiring glance fixed upon her; she felt as if she hated him almost at that instant. How could he expect it; how could he allow her to humiliate herself by asking strangers for what was his own to bestow! It was all horrid, all except Hollis's kindness. She clenched her left hand tight as she suddenly said "Good-by; I am tired, I want to go home. Please don't come back with me," said the poor child. "I had rather go back alone; I should like it best."

She was too much in earnest to be other than cold. Hollis looked disappointed. The Archdeacon, who had been counting on this final walk to bring about some sort of explanation, looked annoyed. He offered to walk on a little way with the young man, feeling it was his part to make up to him for Janet's ungraciousness by every little attention in his power. Notwithstanding his wife's demurs and Mrs. Brandiscombe's solemn head-shakes, he had been of opinion that Hollis was very much attracted by his young niece. It was a most desirable thing in every respect; and if Dr. Phillips accepted Chawhampton, Holmesdale, his present living, would be in Hollis's gift, &c. &c. Poor Janet! She walked away for a little distance, and then she stood for an instant looking back after Hollis and her uncle. Her heart was very

heavy, her steps lagged dull and wearily. She might have stayed; she might have seen him again and again; but now she was going to-morrow; it was all settled; it was good-by! Had she done right? Alas! how could she tell; why was she not as other girls are, befriended, advised, and comforted? why was she all alone to work out right and wrong from this tangle? "I should like to do something, reasonable or not." Ah, what did he mean? Only kindness, only friendship. If she asked Hollis to help her, this was clear—she could never see him again; never, never. What, another gate? She tried to open it; it was stiff, and hurt her fingers. Janet stamped in a sort of despair. Give her a living! She might as well ask Hollis for the moon. She looked back once more: there were the two dark figures, walking away with all her best hopes, at the end of the long dark alley; then she got the gate open and trudged on. Everything seemed changed: no life, no promise, only decay; the leaves were rotting all about, a great gust of smoky mist seemed falling upon her, the little laurel-bushes alone looked green and flourishing. Janet was shivering by the time she got to the house; she was jaded and tired. Bodies are apt to be dull when the spirits are weary.

V.

JANET'S was a big state-room at the end of the passage, with tall windows looking blank out upon the mist and the laurel-walks along which she had just come. There was old-fashioned furniture, in stately preparation for the guests who came to inhabit it; there were medicine-spoons of every shape and size, medicine-glasses, cap-stands, leg-rests; there was a sofa, with various-shaped cushions: there was a boot-jack. It would have all seemed more suitable to one of the dowager ladies, Mrs. Brandiscombe's contemporaries, than to Janet Ireton, who did not require any of these appliances. She threw her hat upon the great four-post bed; she fell into the great arm-chair, and sat curled up in the seat, with her head resting on the arm and her hand hanging over—she tried to think it all out calmly for herself, but her heart beat almost too impetuously. Here was the case. She had been a goose, and had fancied that a few civil words meant a life-long devotion. She was not ashamed of herself; she had found out her mistake in time, and instantly determined to avoid any possible misunderstanding in future. But now, to do as her uncle wished,—to ask Mr. Hollis, whom of all other people in the whole world

she wished to avoid, for so great a mark of favour,—ah! it was too much; she would not, she could not. Then Janet thought no more, but sat staring at the great pier-glass; then she jumped up, and began walking round and round the room. Why did everything seem to jar upon her? Her dress caught in a table-corner as she went along, she shook it free impatiently; a chair stood a little crooked, and the slanting lines worried her, but when she had put it straight she was no calmer than she had been before.

Janet of the even nerves could not understand this new phase. It frightened her and horrified her. She found herself asking herself, "Why did he ask me so often to go to the Merediths?" He could not know, he did not know, how hard it was to refuse. Ah, it was cruel, yes, cruel, to make such a play—if it was play." A deep, burning blush of indignation came into her cheeks, as she felt in her deepest heart of hearts what happiness was *not*. She would not trust herself to think what it might be. Ah, if she had any one to go to now, as other girls had,—girls who were loved and sympathized with, and comforted, and guarded from harm. Her father was no guide, dearly as she loved him. She loved her uncle, but she mistrusted him; he was too complicated a mind for a straightforward nature like Janet's. Her home was a house full of cracks and darns to be repaired, and children to be patched and borne with,—not much else; her mother's love was with the boys.

Then, of course, came a reaction, and the thought that, though Mr. Hollis's civil speeches meant nothing in one sense, they might mean something in another. He had said he would gladly help her; perhaps he meant what he said. He could not know of her father unless she told him. It was her duty to do what she could, even in a hopeless endeavour like this one. Should she ever forgive herself if, because it was horrible to speak, she was silent, and by this silence did her father an injury? It was a shame that she should have to do such a thing; she who had always held her head so high, and vowed that no poverty should ever bring her low. Janet stamped impatiently at the thought. Then came a ray of relief. She should not see him again. But she might write, said her officious conscience; she might send the letter by the messenger who carried over his luggage. The poor persecuted girl ran with a sort of leap across the room to the writing-table, where the old ladies were accustomed to carry on their correspondence in their delicate old-fashioned handwriting, "hastening

to reply to one another's favours of the 14th, and to announce their safe arrival," &c. Poor Janet began writing in a desperate hurry, flying over the paper as if afraid that if she paused for one instant her courage would fail, her pen fly away, her paper slip from under her fingers:

"DEAR MR. HOLLIS,—I am going to take a great liberty; if you never forgive me I cannot help it. I feel I *must* say what I am going to say. Perhaps if we ever meet again you may tell me that you do forgive me, though I almost fear that this letter may make you think ill of us all.

"I am going home to-morrow to my father, who is the best father, the truest gentleman, that ever lived. He is very very anxious and suffering, and for years we had hoped that my uncle would have appointed him to Chawhampton when it fell vacant. This he now says he cannot do, and he has given it to Dr. Phillips, the vicar of Holmesdale. Will you give papa Holmesdale? You do not know how good he is. He speaks what he thinks. My uncle calls him impressionable and unguarded. I do not want to belong to a guarded religion, but then I am my father's daughter; a minute ago you said, 'If ever I can do anything for you.' I know it meant only commonplace service, not this. I know I am grasping and presumptuous. What can I do? how can I not ask you when I think of my dearest father's many many cares?"

"Yours truly,

"JANET IRETON."

Janet did not trust herself even to read the blotted page. It was blotted, but she dared not write it out; she sealed it up in the envelope, and then threw the letter from her on the floor; and then, flinging her head down over her arms upon the table, she burst out crying, sobbing, as if her heart would break. Her pride seemed hurt, crushed, soiled; her maiden dignity seemed sacrificed. Any one, any one else in all the world she could have asked without shame, but this pang was like heart's blood given drop by drop. Had he not wounded her already, made a play and pretence of his liking for her? Before this there might have been a chance that some day they might have met again and been friends. Now, never, never; she would never see him; she had humiliated herself before him; she would avoid him, hide out of his way. "Oh, papa, my dear papa," sobbed Janet, with another great burst of tears.

A noise in the passage outside reminded her that there was no time to lose, and she ran out to stop a servant and ask if Mr. Hollis's luggage was going to the Mount.

"The luggage has gone, ma'am," said the housemaid, placidly. "Would you please to like your fire lighted?"

"Gone!" repeated Janet, stupidly. It seemed impossible that when all the powers of her mind and will and conscience had been brought together to write the letter, so small a thing should come to prevent the fulfilment of her scheme.

"It is an omen," thought the girl, "that I need not send the letter." "Yes, please, light my fire," she said to the housemaid, and a momentary thought of relief unspeakable, of a burning letter, of a mind at ease, came to beguile her.

The maid came back in a minute, saying she had been mistaken, the cart had not yet gone. Was that the letter?—(poor Janet hastily dropped her composition into the woman's hand). The butler had desired her to say that Mrs. Rowland was in the drawing-room, and had been asking for Miss Ireton.

Caroline come! This was, indeed, a ray of comfort in all Janet's despairing troubles. What kind fate had sent her? Here was the friend, the adviser, and sympathizer for whom she had been longing.

VI.

As Janet burst into the drawing-room Mrs. Rowland looked up, with a little exclamation of delight, and held out her arms. The widow was installed by the fire. She had not moved for the last half hour or more. While Janet had been going through so much, Caroline had warmed her little feet, smoothed her soft hair, and looked at the clock a dozen times. "My dear child," she is saying, "how glad I am to see you, how delightful this is, what have you been doing? Where have you been? I hoped I should find you. Come sit down, and tell me all about yourself. Aunt Brandiscombe won't be back for half-an-hour at least." Then they both kissed each other again, and then came that moment's silence which comes when people's liking for each other exceeds their habit of intimacy.

Mrs. Rowland, in her pleasure, laid hands upon the poker, and was on the point of stirring up the fire to a brighter welcome, when Janet, with a little cry of alarm even in her first greeting, tore it out of her friend's hand. "Not this one, the little black one, Caroline; the bright one is *never* used." Janet had not been so long away from schoolroom restrictions as her friend. "Silly child!" said Mrs. Rowland impatiently, relinquishing the shining steel, and taking Janet's soft warm hand instead into her own. Janet sat looking up with honest eyes full of admiration. She had all a young girl's enthusiasm for her friend. Miss Ireton used to think sometimes that

Mrs. Rowland was like music moving on continuously from one modulation to another, never hurrying, never lagging, flowing on to a rhythm of her own. "Now I," thought poor Janet, "I go in jerks and jigs; sometimes I stop altogether, sometimes I crash out ever so many false notes." She forgot that she was young, that Caroline had had a longer time to learn to play upon the instrument which had been granted her. Janet's tunes were very sweet and gay if she had but known it. For her there was no cause to fear, but, alas! for those who can never master the subtle harmonies of life! It seems hard, indeed, if all the long, patient practice of years is to produce no harmonious sound; no corresponding chords in answer. Perhaps, though these sad cracked strains to our dull ears may seem to jar so painfully, they belong to a wider song and a mightier symphony than any which we can apprehend.

"Now tell me all about yourself and your people, and everything I want to know," said Mrs. Rowland, settling herself comfortably in the blaze.

"All!" said the girl. "That would be a melancholy story. Papa is more out of spirits, mamma more anxious; and I—I am beginning to think that everything is disappointing, except seeing one's friends sometimes," said Janet, as her eyes smiled and then filled up with tears.

As Janet looked at her, Caroline could not help being touched by the sad looks in the two grey eyes. The widow stooped and kissed the girl's forehead. "I am so glad you are going to be here," said Mrs. Rowland. "I could not bear to think of a *tete-à-tete* with aunt Brandiscombe till Monday. But now I shall have you to support me."

"But you won't," said Janet bluntly and blushing, "for I'm going to-morrow. I have been very happy here—I'm very sorry to go, but I must."

There was a jar in Janet's voice as she spoke which struck Mrs. Rowland, who was usually quick to hear what people didn't say, as well as what they said. She had a great many curious gifts and quicknesses of the same sort.

"You must not desert me in this unkind way," she said. "I want to talk over all sorts of things with you. First of all, tell me why you must go. I had hoped to persuade you to come home with me on Monday, and see my little girls."

"How I should like it some day," said grateful Janet; "but I cannot stay here any longer."

"Why cannot you stay?" said Mrs.

Rowland. "You tiresome girl, what is it all about? Is there any one you want to avoid?"

Janet pulled her hand away instinctively. "I am wanted," she said. "I have had a disappointment." Caroline looked full of sympathy, and yet a little amused. "We have been so longing that papa might be appointed to Chawhampton, and now my uncle refuses"—(Caroline looked quite grave and much less interested)—"and you don't know what it is," Janet went on, "to wait and hope and wait, and fail at last."

The widow sighed. "Waiting! I never liked waiting much," she said.

"Oh, Caroline!" cried the girl, "I have so longed for some one to speak to all these past days. It is so difficult to settle for oneself always, to know what is right, and when it is right to go against the wishes of people older than oneself. Of course I love papa most of all. I would do anything in the whole world for him."

"You must marry, Janet," said Mrs. Rowland, in a cheerful voice, drawing her big chair in a little nearer to the fire. "That is what you must do, then you will have some one to consult with. You must come and stay with me, and I shall introduce some nice eligible young men to you."

"Marry! Oh, Caroline!" said Janet, hurt as young people are who ask you for bread and you give them a stone. (Mrs. Rowland was twisting her own flashing guard-ring round and round her finger.) "What are you saying? It is like aunt Fanny, who knows no better—but *you*! Can people marry like that? Is there nothing more wanting?—nothing more solemn and sacred in marriage than a few dinner-parties and an eligible young man?"

Caroline coloured a little. She told herself in her heart that Janet was right, but she only said, "Life is very matter-of-fact, my poor Janet, as you will find; and after all an eligible young man is human though eligible. And now tell me who he is, for I know now there is somebody special in the case."

But Janet did not answer. She was still hurt. Was this the way they all felt—her uncle, her aunt, and now her friend from whom she had hoped for something more? Was this the way they spoke of feelings that seemed almost sacred to her.

"Are you vexed, Janet dear?" said Mrs. Rowland at last.

"No," said Janet, "only a little unhappy. I want to do right and *feel* right, and when I saw you I thought you would help me, for I had no one else to ask."

"Dear Janet, you know I am always ready and glad to help you. Tell me what it is all about," said Mrs. Rowland, leaning forward with a gentle little rustling, and at the same time looks of such real kindness and sympathy that Janet's shyness and stiffness melted.

"It is about papa, as I told you," said she, colouring. "We have so hoped that my uncle would give him Chawhampton, and—and now he wants me to ask some one else for a smaller living which will be vacant."

"Well," said Mrs. Rowland, "I always detested the Archdeacon; it is just like him; and is there no chance of your getting the smaller living?"

"No; why *should* there be?" cried the girl; "that is what is so horrible."

"Whose gift is it in?" asked Mrs. Rowland, with a faint curiosity.

"It is Mr. Hollis's living," said poor Janet. "He went away just now; he has been here a week; he is gone to the Merediths now. He is very kind, *too* kind; and now, perhaps, you know all," cried the girl, impetuously, who had in those two words said more than she had meant; "but I know I can trust you, and that you will keep my secret. I am talking nonsense, there is no secret to keep. Dear Caroline, I was obliged to ask him. It has been so horrible. But I won't stay; I know I am right to go."

Caroline was silent for an instant. "What did he say?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I did not say it, I wrote it," said Janet. "The letter is going now. You know him better than I do," she implored. "*Can't* I trust him? He *will* understand. He *won't* think it forward?" cried the girl, in an agony. "Caroline, you know the world; tell me I did not do wrong; that I can trust him?" she implored.

Miss Ireton was so agitated on her own account that she did not notice her friend's odd changing looks.

"If you take my advice, Janet, you will trust nobody," said Caroline, coldly, "beyond a certain point. If two people were alone in the world they might trust each other, but think how many claims, memories, doubts, difficulties, there are!" Then Caroline thought for an instant, and reflected upon a past light in her old friend Mr. Hollis's character. She was trying to be true to her friendship, though sympathy she had not to give. There was a moment's struggle and an evil impulse of mischief-making to be overcome before she spoke. For my poor Caroline is no model woman,

alas! only a very, very human creature; but she spoke at last, to the best of her wisdom, remembering his old impatience and fastidiousness. Had he not left her for a suspicion? "If that letter goes, Janet," she said, still coldly, "I am afraid you will never see George Hollis again."

"Do you think I ever expect to see him again?" exclaimed Janet, indignant. "I am going away; I will never, never see him any more. There is only friendship or I could not ask. There is some one else he loves. It has only been liking for me." Then she went on more fluently, "Just now, when I came down to you, I found another note from Mrs. Meredith, to ask me there. But I shall not go." And Janet thrust a little pink missive, with "Dear Miss Ireton—persuade you—so disappointed all of us—a few days only—ever sincerely yours," &c., into Caroline's hand. Then she covered her burning cheeks from the fire, and sat quite still without speaking.

Caroline, too, was silent. She could not but believe the girl's eager honesty. Once more she felt ashamed before her. She envied her, and a gentler thought of what might have been came to her mind.

As for Janet, she was shaken; her faith in her friend was not touched, but her faith in human nature had received a rude blow. Could Caroline be right? was no one to be trusted? Was this the experience of life that people spoke of mysteriously: not one, not one just man in Edom? The two sat staring at the smouldering log. Janet's foot was tapping impatiently against the fender, and the obnoxious steel poker came down with a crash. How strangely people feel round and about and under and over the things that really disquiet them. This crash disturbed Mrs. Rowland more apparently than all that had gone before.

"Do take care, my dear. Who told you about this—this engagement of Mr. Hollis?" she said, sharply.

"Mrs. Brandiscombe told me a little," said Janet. "It was some one he knew long ago; he himself said something one day. He told me that all his life he had only really loved one woman for years. He said it happened here, at this very house, that he saw her last, and he hated the place. He was called from her suddenly, but she deceived him in some way—never answered his letters. I don't know much more of the story. I only know how he loved her."

Mrs. Rowland didn't speak or move, but sat as if she had not listened, with the screen held up between her soft cheeks and the angry blaze; the screen trembled a little in her hand. At last, with a sudden, quick

motion, she got up and walked slowly away to the end of the room where she had been standing when she first entered. Then she came back, smiling sadly. One hand was pressed against her heart. There was a bright very sweet expression on her face that Janet could not see, for she was still staring at the fire.

"Janet," said Mrs. Rowland, in a low voice, "I want to say that I was wrong, my dear, in what I said just now. You may trust George Hollis. I did not do him justice. He is an honourable man. Do not be unhappy. I shall see him to-morrow, and—and try to explain." She was speaking still, and looking intently at Janet, who had started up from her seat; when the clock struck five, and the butler and his assistant came in with the tea.

"Mrs. Brandiscombe begged that you would not wait for her if she was after five," said the well-drilled butler.

Janet had blushed up, and it was her turn to look a little strangely. "I won't have any tea, my head aches," she said. "Is that the sun setting? I think I will take another turn. Don't mind me, I—I will come back."

She spoke in a nervous and agitated way, she did not know exactly what had been happening; but somehow Mrs. Rowland's words no longer comforted her; even her kindness failed to touch her. She felt there was something between them; she almost guessed the secret. Poor child! she did not want to know more, and meekly accepted her fate as a matter of course. But a living, breathing rival there before her was a different thing from the vague imaginations of a possibility. She could not sit quietly and hand milk and sugar. She felt faint for want of air. She caught up a cloak in the hall. She ran down some servants' passage, and out by some back-door into the open air. She did not see as she crossed the hall that some one was coming in at the front door.

VII.

JANET was a proud girl, as I have said. The sort of guess which she had made,—the idea that Mrs. Rowland herself was the woman whom George Hollis loved,—was the last drop in her cup. What had she been doing? Had she been mad, blind, dull? Had she known, she would have bitten out her tongue sooner than have spoken to Caroline as she had done. Poor Janet! She exaggerated, as young people do, the horrors of her situation; she painfully shrunk from the thought. "Oh, I wish I was at home, I wish I was at home!"—

this was her one thought now. She hurried out into the garden once more, across the front lawn, round to the back of the house. The air revived her. With the evening the wind had gone down, or if it blew it came in softer and more comforting gushes. Where the clouds had parted over the sea a sunset light was breaking, turning grey waters to blue, gilding pale hills with heavenly alchemy. What was this? A quick gleam—a darting fiery stream from behind the rent cloud. Suddenly the field was in a western blaze; the donkey was browsing in a dazzling, lovely wave of rainbow light. Was this a new created world of cloud and light? Broken, glittering, rainy, divinely fresh, the clouds and the sunlight were parting, drifting, reflecting one another. Here and there the trees stood in the shade; here and there in the sweet sudden radiance the grasses were golden at Janet's feet; a dazzling flame seemed rising from the sea. Janet's hair and clothes were on fire; she felt as if this fresh light were brightening her heavy heart. It stirred with a thrill of gratitude and love for such sweet wonders. As she stood there still, Janet heard the distant stable-clock strike the half-hour. She began to breathe a little more quietly; a few more hours and she would be gone, she thought. Once safe home she would try never to think of this past bit of her life again.

By a not very extraordinary chance it was Hollis coming who had been at the front door in search of Janet. He had met the luggage-cart about a mile from the house, having walked back part of the way with the Archdeacon to finish the discussion of some arrangements which they had been talking over. The cart stopped, the driver, knowing Hollis, touched his hat, and saying, "I have a letter for you, sir," put Janet's poor little scrawl into the young man's hand. Poor Janet! had she known that Hollis had come back to answer it himself, no garden end would have been distant enough for her to hide in. I do believe she would have splashed straight into the sea to avoid him.

Meanwhile Mr. Hollis had walked into the drawing-room in search of her, and found himself face to face with the very person he had wished to avoid. He thought Mrs. Rowland was not coming till six, and had calculated on a whole half-hour before her arrival. After all it was no very terrible meeting—a pretty gentlewoman, with a kind face and a friendly greeting, a good fire burning, a comfortable chair, (the very one where Janet had been sitting) drawn up to it. Who shall describe the half-

formed thoughts that passed through Caroline's mind as he came up to her, thoughts of herself, then of Janet, then of self again.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Rowland. "I hear you only left to-day. I hoped I should see you, though I was afraid I might miss you altogether." She spoke not reproachfully, but with unaffected interest and just a little regret in her voice. Caroline could make the words she used mean anything she liked besides their natural meaning. Hollis, who, to tell the truth, had been unfeignedly sorry to see her at first, for her presence jarred upon him just then, felt mollified by her kindness, notwithstanding the implacability of his disposition. "My aunt will be here directly," Mrs. Rowland went on. "Won't you sit down? We have not met since Florence." Caroline was not kinder than she had been before, but Hollis could not help thinking there was a difference; she was more interested, more agitated, more like the Carry Russell of old days than the gentle, mature, accomplished lady he had seen of late. There was a minute's silence; and Hollis asked after the children, and then Mrs. Rowland began once more: "I am glad to have seen you," she said. "I have been hearing of you from a friend of mine." Mrs. Rowland felt her heart beat violently for a moment.

"What have you been hearing about me!" Hollis asked, with a smile. Caroline resolutely put her old self back into the corner, and then she became quite calm again, and could look up quietly into his face (he stood with his back to the fire for he would not sit down), and try to read what was written there. "Janet was in great trouble, poor child," said Mrs. Rowland. "She had some idea that it was her duty to ask you for something for her father, and that she should forfeit your good opinion for ever." Caroline breathed a long breath as she finished this careless little speech. She had done it. Done her best to help her poor little trouble-hearted sister in her need. Had it been an effort? It hardly seemed to her now that it was one. She blushed, and it was a self-approving little glow from her heart in her face, as she again looked up quietly to see how her speech had been taken.

"My good opinion!" said Hollis, un- easily.

"I advised her . . . not to ask you," said the widow, going on with her knitting as quietly as she knew how. She put in her needles triumphantly, and travelled on somehow, but little Tom never wore that particular stocking. "A girl—a very young one, I mean, like Janet—cannot

know life, — cannot guess how the simplest and most straightforward actions may be misread and misunderstood, and the Arch-deacon is an old schemer. When Janet asked me if she could not trust *you*, I said that no one was to be trusted."

Hollis looked at Mrs. Rowland more and more surprised. What was she talking about; what was her meaning; was she talking of the past? Surely, — and the old feeling of something like scorn for the woman who had sold herself seemed to come over him, — he had not been to blame or failed in trust.

"But I did not know then," Caroline went on, "that her instinct was right, that I had done you injustice." And Mrs. Rowland looked up with two bright shining orbs. "Something Janet said made me understand it all. Do you know that uncle Brandiscombe told me you were gone, George? but they never gave me any letter. I am glad to meet you, to know how it all happened. I had thought of John before I knew you, but I was very unhappy for a time, though I am not fixed and deep like Janet: but I think my poor John would like you to think better of me than you can have done," said Mrs. Rowland, smiling through her tears. "And you know when I did not hear, I thought you had never . . ." She could not finish her sentence.

Caroline's tears were coming faster and faster. Hollis touched, and surprised, and embarrassed, had taken her hand and kissed it. He was still standing by the fire and looking at the gentle bent head:

"You mustn't think me better than I am," said he, reddening. "I guessed there had been some false play: but your cousin had told me of Mr. Rowland's admiration. I was too proud to ask for an explanation. I don't deserve, I shall never forget your goodness."

As he spoke the sun was setting and the evening lights were shining in, and reflected from the western window with dazzling abruptness from one angle to another in the many dim glasses. For one instant the past was present again to the widow, but only for an instant. With an effort she put it all from her. No — she would be true to Janet and to her own new instincts. She would not try now to take advantage of his old feelings.

"I suppose," said Caroline, wiping her eyes, and faltering and smiling, "there would be no good in living on if one did not every now and then understand things that seemed strange, and learn to be just to old friends, and to guess at things unex-

pressed as well as expressed in life. I have been happier than I deserve, and this will make my past life dearer to me. But I like to think that I shall do you justice at last, and that you are not one of those who would willingly inflict pain on a true-hearted girl." The next instant she was thankful she had so spoken, for Hollis began again with some emotion.

"I don't know how to thank you now," he said, "but I assure you I understand your real and most friendly meaning." And then he added, "If ever I may speak for Janet as well as for myself; for to you I will confess that I love her —"

A sound of carriage-wheels, of doors, of approaching voices in the hall, made them both stop short.

"It is my aunt come in from her drive," said Mrs. Rowland hastily. "I saw Janet in the garden just now, — if you like you can go out through that window."

Hollis thanked her with a look, and hurried across the room to the western window, which he opened, and through which he stepped out into the evening gleam. Caroline went to close it after him, and stood for an instant watching him as he went striding across the grass.

Was this all? It seemed a tame conclusion to her few minutes' excitement. He had forgotten her great explanation already, and was hurrying across the field to where Janet was standing quite still in the gleam of the sudden lights. She seemed gazing seawards at the dying reflections there. Caroline could watch her old youthful visions striding away with a more tranquil spirit than in former days. He had loved her once — now he would be her friend — and so she was content. And so with sad yet gentle eyes she watched the two young people that were to live her life, feel her feelings, taking up the thread of her existence where she had left it broken.

Meanwhile out in the field the end of my story, such as it is, is being told in the bright falling radiance, which poor Janet cannot find it in her heart to admire much; she has no presentiment that all may be well, only shame at her heart. The donkey is browsing beside her, but it takes to its heels and scampers off when Hollis comes into the field. Janet does not even look round; she stands quite still, looking at drifting lights, and clouds, and rainbow beams with a pale, scared face. It shocks George Hollis when he gets near enough to see it. He has never seen her before without her sweet natural roses. He comes near and calls her name. As for Janet, seeing him, she stares for an instant — it is

so inconceivable and unexpected. Why has he come? Janet thinks where shall she escape, and then all her strength goes; she stands quite still like a maiden of stone or a pillar of salt; it is no use trying to speak as usual or to look unconscious, — she can only stand still.

"I came back to speak to you," said Hollis, in his usual voice, trying to reassure her. "I met the carrier just now, and he gave me your letter. I hope you don't regret having written it," he said, hurriedly. "You don't know what pleasure it gives me

to do anything to serve you. I had already proposed the exchange to your uncle when I got your note. Dear Janet, don't look so overwhelmed," Hollis continued, touched by the sudden rush of light and happiness and sweetness in her face; "only give me a right to serve you always, and then you can ask me what you will."

When Caroline came to the window again she saw the two walking, slowly, arm-in-arm towards the house, and then she knew what Janet's answer had been.

MOSLEM AND COPTIC ANTIQUITIES IN CAIRO. — At last we reached the mosque of Azan, which is also the great Mohammedan college, not only of Cairo, but of the Moslem world, being reckoned the centre of Islam learning and bigotry. Alas for the mistake of those who say Islamism is dying out! Again laying aside our shoes, we passed across a vast square marble quadrangle with massive pillars of the same. On the floor were laid strips of matting, on which numerous groups of white-turbaned men and lads were seated cross-legged on the ground, in little knots of threes and fours, some with books or sheets of manuscript in their hands, some with tin or zinc plates (the substitute for slates), on which they write with pen and ink. All seemed busied in studying or conning tasks. There appeared to be no regular teacher; they seemed to be helping each other mutually, some talking together, or showing their works to each other, some writing on leaves of paper, or sheets of tin, on their hands (desks seem unknown here); and in most groups one reading aloud, and rocking himself to and fro as he read — the universal practice with Orientals. Through this outer court we passed into the mosque itself, which was the largest we had yet seen. The whole spacious area was entirely filled up with groups of learners like those we had seen outside; a side room or vestibule was occupied in the same manner. Wherever there was space for them, groups were seated, all intent on their studies; and a hum of busy voices resounding through the building. To the Christian eye it was a very painful sight. Here we saw assembled a multitude of zealous and attentive students, devoting all their powers and their time, with an earnestness and perseverance which might be an example to many well-instructed European youths — to what? to the thorough understanding of a false and corrupt religion. These Mohammedan scholars are often exceedingly learned in their own way. They devote much time and attention to the cultivation of their own language, this remarkable Arabic tongue, which possesses a power of superseding and driving out other

languages, analogous to the power of a dominant race, to subjugate and absorb inferior ones. Gradually, but surely, the Arabic has gained the ascendancy over Coptic and Syriac, and is now the universal language of the people all through Egypt, Syria, and North-west Africa. The thorough understanding of all the niceties and refinements of this language and its difficult and complicated grammar is the principal object of these Arabic teachers. It fills the place in their colleges that the Latin and Greek do in ours; but the ultimate aim and end of all this labour is the study of the Koran and its numerous commentaries, which hold the same place with the Moslems as the Talmud does with the modern Jews. It is easy for those who behold Islamism at a distance to speak of it with modified admiration as a system of pure Theism, and its worship as something which may be, at least to a certain degree, elevating and purifying in its character. A nearer view of Islamism would at once dispel this illusion. It is a system practically deadening to the conscience and moral sense. Those who have, to a certain degree freed themselves from the trammels of its degrading superstitions, are often men of little or no religious belief; while the mass of worshippers have no idea of religion as affecting the heart or life. With them it consists in a round of puerile ceremonies; and prayer is nothing but a formal and mechanical repetition of a string of epithets applied to the Creator, accompanied by bodily prostrations and genuflections.

Golden Hours.

A POLYGLOT dictionary in eleven languages is in course of publication by Signor Calligaris, at Turin. It comprises French, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, English, modern Greek, written Arabic, spoken Arabic (in Roman letters), and Turkish, with the pronunciation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
COUNT CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

THERE is something very sad in the dying out of a generation of the leaders and rulers of the world. Nothing marks so clearly the passage of time, the succession of one age to another, as this dropping, one by one, of the familiar names which have been sounds of authority and pre-eminence for half or quarter of a century. New necessities, new difficulties, new combinations of circumstances, have stolen upon us unawares, and we are conscious, practically, that new men have come in to guide the fortunes of nations; but nowhere are the epochs of contemporary history so clearly marked out as by graves. One cycle has ended, another has begun. The old men who linger like leaves upon the topmost branches, but emphasize the universal passing away of all with whom they have been associated. The old order changeth, giving place to new.

In such a case as that of Count de Montalembert the ending has been softened by a long preliminary chapter of retirement from the world—softened to his friends, not to himself. And yet to how many of his friends will the closing up of that chamber in the Rue du Bac, which was the abode of so much pain, yet of so much vivacious interest in the world, and animated discussion of all its affairs, be like the extinction of a friendly light in the midst of the darkness. For a great part of these years, the little simple bedroom which the author of the "Figaro" described the other day to his readers, with a particularity more American than French, has been an audience-chamber to which crowds have flocked. Like a dream, the writer recalls, as he writes, the half-mournful half-smiling conversation of two or three gentlemen, all of European name, who were waiting in the large drawing-room, which formed a kind of antechamber to Montalembert's reception, one afternoon now nearly three years ago. The room was darkened because of the summer glare outside, and the animated voices came as from ghosts half seen. They were talking of Cousin, then not long dead; discussing those peculiarities which are defects in a man as long as he lives, but after his death become, as being habits of his, more dear to his friends than the highest qualities of his character. Are they talking now more sadly, yet with the smile of recollection already beginning to break up the heaviness of grief, of Montalembert? No doubt—reminding each other of his outbursts of characteristic impatience and energy, of his sharp sayings, his keen wit, his

genial kindness. But it is early yet for such softened thoughts; now and then a sob must come in, a pang of farewell, and that intolerable sense that nothing more can be said to him, nothing more heard from him, which is the soul of grief. Was it only the other day that he wrote, "let me hear often from you?" and careless life went on, and a world of petty affairs prevented the response. What matter? one would do it to-morrow or to-morrow; and now in all heaven and earth there is no way of doing it, no means of answer. There is no sadder consciousness in life.

It was in the winter of '65-'66 that Montalembert's last illness, from its beginning a very painful one, first attacked him. He was so ill in the spring of '66 as to be compelled to give up for a time the work on the completion of which he had so much set his heart, his great and favourite work, "*Les Moines d'Occident*." Early in '67 he described himself as "in a very sad and precarious state;" and before the summer of that year his physicians had dreaded that his malady, if cured at all, must yet be a very lingering one. His strength was then so far reduced that he had to be carried to his carriage on the days he was permitted an airing; but still every day about five o'clock in the afternoon, his room was full of guests, friends of his life, who called the worn statesman and author by his Christian name, and could enter with him into full discussions of all his life-long pursuits and convictions; and, on the other hand, strangers from all quarters, whom his illness and suffering did not prevent him from receiving with all the courtly kindness and genial grace of his nature. "Your countrymen do not come to see me as much as I could wish," he wrote not three months before his death, notwithstanding the numbers who sought him continually. His interest was as fresh in everything that everybody was doing, while he lay there on his weary couch, with the close-capped sister in constant attendance upon him, as if he had still been in the full current of life. It was a relief and help to this rapid, ever-active intelligence, thus suddenly confined within four walls, and shut out from personal exertion, to participate, at least by way of sympathy, in the work and thought of others. His ear was open to everything that was suggested to him; his mind as ready and vivacious as that of any youth—nay, far more so: for youth is too much occupied with its own affairs to give such full unhesitating attention to those of others. What-ever might be the special interest of his visitor, Montalembert had always some light

to throw upon it, some stray glances out of the wonderful treasures of his own knowledge or experience, or at the best, a courteous interest, an unfeigned sympathy. The first feature in him which struck the stranger was this gracious gift of courtesy. His manners were just touched with the elaboration of the old *régime*, as became the son of an *émigré*, the inheritor of centuries of courtly French breeding. But we do not think that this impression of extreme personal benignity and politeness was, after the first encounter, the aspect of Count de Montalembert's character which made most lasting impression upon the mind of a recent acquaintance. It was rather the keenness of perception, the rapid vision, the sharp wit, never failing in absolute grace of expression, but leaving the less ready insular intelligence, with a puzzled sense of discomfort, miles behind. He took the slow Englishman up, who was saying something probably sensible enough, and cast a gleaming coil of wit round him, and extinguished his half-said perplexed reasonings on the spot—an operation which caused a certain sensation of fright, by no means without foundation, to the bystanders. This, however, was in his days of health and unbounded activity, while yet the inherent impatience of a lively and impetuous nature survived in certain glimmers and sparkles of sarcastic vivacity, such as even perfect politeness could not quite annihilate. The enthusiasm of his character, and its intense love of beauty and appreciation of everything noble and generous, did not, we think, show so plainly in his conversation as this intellectual brilliancy and speed. Keen as daylight, sharp upon any pretence as the steel of Ithuriel's spear—instantly conscious of the presence of polite simulation, and pitiless to it—it was rather the clearness of his judgment than his poetic character which struck the observer. His was the kind of mind one could have supposed quick to sift every belief, less moved by imagination than by reason, more familiar with the processes of thought than the visions of faith. The reader who knows him only by his works will be startled by such a view of his character. But nobody who knew Count de Montalembert will be disposed to deny a fact which adds tenfold to his weight and influence as a believer, and which makes it so much the more difficult to understand many features in his creed and many portions of his work. There could not be found any more clear-sighted observer, or shrewd and able man of the world. In things temporal and intellectual he took nothing for granted, and was the last in the

world to accept a specious theory or visionary tale. To add after this, as we are inclined to do—and yet he was a fervent Roman Catholic, accepting a hundred things as absolutely true which to us seem mere fables of a fond and excited fancy—would have been to himself but another instance of “unconquerable British prejudice in respect to anything Roman;” yet it is difficult to restrain the expression of this wonder, be it prejudice or be it justice. The attitude in which at this moment he appears to us as a protestant against the last great attempt at self-assertion on the part of the Papacy, has a certain composing effect upon the general aspect of his religious character; and we have to recall to ourselves that it is the young Christian knight who in the pride of his youth gave up at a word from the Church one of the most cherished of his prospects—that it is the biographer of St. Elizabeth, the historian of the monks, of whom we are speaking. Not a miracle in all those saintly lives, not a prodigy recorded in the ages of faith, disturbed his power of belief. He accepted them with the full and frank confidence of the simplest believer. He, with his keen wit and quick perceptions, his learning and sagacity, an accomplished writer and brilliant man of the world, tingling to his finger-points with the new sap and modern vigour of his century, yet received everything which the hoary past brought to him in the name of religion with the tender faith of a child. Such a phenomenon is to be seen now and then in the world, and when it appears it is always full of attraction, full of interest—one of the finest yet strangest combinations of human character. And such was Charles de Montalembert.

It is not yet time to enter upon any full account of his life or estimate of his influence. The existence which has just ended must be a little further off before it can “orb into the perfect star” of completed being. He had lived about sixty years in the world, when he was suddenly called out of it. For thirty of these years his life was full of activity, and spent very much in the eye of the public. During this time many changes had taken place in France, and none greater than those religious changes into which he threw himself heart and soul. In the spring of '67, the writer, then in Paris, attended by his advice several conferences of the *Retraite des Hommes*, in Notre Dame, during the holy week—a most impressive and wonderful sight, such as it would be difficult to find any parallel to in this country, with all its boasted gravity. Somewhere about four thousand

men, a dark mass, but faintly lighted by great flambeaux of gas placed here and there, were closely packed in the great central isle of the Cathedral, listening with rapt attention to the preaching of Père Félix, who, though a very popular preacher, is no orator by right divine, nor capable by his own attraction only of calling so great a multitude together. The chanting by this mass of men, in plain song, of the *Stabat Mater* on Holy Thursday, and of the shorter hymns of the Church at the conclusion of the other services — the great thunder of so many male voices in unison — was such a strain as we never remember to have heard before, and which no one could listen to without emotion. M. de Montalembert's face brightened when he heard the impression made by this wonderful scene upon the mind of the writer. When he began his career, he said with a certain gleam of high satisfaction in his eye, it had been considered a wonder in France to see a young man enter a church, or to hear him avow any charity towards Christianity. These were the days when Charles de Montalembert, a youth half English, or rather half Scotch, and whole enthusiast, speaking French with a taint of insular accent, and with ideas not yet wholly Continental, made acquaintance with the young Henri Lacordaire. They had met, and joined themselves together, and set their young wits to work on the grandest patriotic problem — how to lead France back to Christian faith and a religious life, cherishing all her liberties, all her privileges, the residue of good left behind by the devastating torrent of the Revolution, at the same time. What they had succeeded in doing, in one point at least, we had learned in the crowded nave of Notre Dame during those rainy chilly April evenings, and on the bright winter morn at the early communion. It was a sign of accomplished work which might well have cheered any reformer. This was one of the great objects of Montalembert's life — one which does not show largely in ordinary history: he had helped to make religion possible, helped to make it real, in his country; and if ever the history of the revival of religion in France during the last forty years should be written — and there could be no more interesting chapter of modern history — the name of Count de Montalembert would take its natural place there, side by side with that of his friend. He poured the whole force of his young life into this highest scheme; he threw himself into plans of public instruction in every way in which it was practicable to him. His first step in public life was taken when he

joined himself to Lamennais and Lacordaire in the management of their paper called "*L'Avenir*." A year later the Christian Liberals found themselves *aux prises* with Rome, as they had already got into contact with civil law at home. The spiritual authority was more difficult to struggle with than the temporal; and it was only after a long process of deliberation and anxious thought that the two friends, Lacordaire and Montalembert, made up their minds what was their highest duty. The story is told by Montalembert himself in his life of his friend. There he describes Lacordaire as wandering and musing about the memory-haunted ruins of Rome, pondering many things which are not written there to the common eye. He understood, from all he saw around him, "not only the inviolate majesty of the supreme Pontificate, but its difficulties, its long and patient plans, its adoption of necessary expedients (*ménagements indispensables*) for the government of men and things below." "The weakness and infirmities inseparable from the mixture of human things with divine did not escape him." In short, the devout and enthusiastic yet reasonable mind of the young French priest, recognized that perfect modes of working were not to be found in human society: that the support of the Papacy, the greatest of spiritual institutions, was far more likely to advantage a great religious work, than any wild fight for independence which he could adopt. He recognized what many men in all churches have always recognized, that something must be swallowed, something endured, in turn for the great spiritual support of a universal church behind you, with all its popular traditions, and fundamental hold, however obscured now and then for a moment, upon ancient Christendom. We may accept this description written by Montalembert of his friend, as his own creed. He, too, bowed his head to the Pope's bull, when it came, forbidding the immediate work in which they were engaged. They yielded to it, both knowing that they had more important matters in hand, which forbade the possibility of schism or sectarian opposition, and thus their lives were decided in obedience to Rome; while Lamennais, in some respects a greater figure than either, mistook or declined the lesson, and giving up Rome, gave up at the same time, as happens so often, along with his faith in the Pope, his faith in Christianity.

In Germany, where the young Montalembert wandered after his unsuccessful mission to Rome, and where he again encountered Lacordaire, the materials for his beautiful *Life of St. Elizabeth*, one of the finest idylls

of Christian literature, were collected. It was published in the year 1836, his first work of importance. On his return to France he threw himself into political life, and lived and laboured with all the energy of his nature, taking part in all the events and all the important movements of the time. "It was the heroic age of our religious and liberal struggles," he says, in his *Life of Lacordaire*; and everything that belonged to that enlightened and conservative liberalism, which is the natural creed of all eclectic politicians, moved him with more than merely political ardour. Justice, freedom, purity, and not party names or party objects, were with him the recognized aims of legislation. His code was that all men should be free to do well, to say what good was in them, to make such efforts as they were capable of for the advancement of the world; but yet there was in him, it must be allowed, a certain reserve as to what constituted political well-doing, and inclination to set up an arbitrary standard of his own. It was good for France to be free and united, but he did not see that the same necessity held for Italy. And there are other inconsistencies in his political creed. He was in favour of the expedition to Rome, though Poland and Ireland (which he always classed together) filled him with indignant sympathy. In short, he was no perfect man, but one full of individual partialities and prejudices, and laden with the defects as well as the virtues of his opinions. Although he speaks of the "odious injustice and unpardonable uselessness" of the Revolution of '48, his political career lasted beyond the *coup d'état*. He even made an effort to submit himself to what was inevitable as long as his own honourable, upright, straightforward spirit could do so. The spoliation of the Orleans princes was, it is said, the point which brought his patience to an end. But he continued to sit in the Chamber until 1857, when he was defeated in his own department, and retired from active political life, though not from such sharp usage of his pen as brought him, on various occasions, into contact with the authorities, and exposed him to trials and vain sentences of imprisonment, which the Emperor was wise enough never to permit to be carried out. His opinion of the present Government of France was very low, and touched with an indignant bitterness. The inevitable and fast-growing triumph of democracy was his favourite horror. With a contemptuous vehemence which no hearer could forget, he would describe the hatred of mediocrity for anything superior to itself, which was, in his opinion, the true essence

of democratic sentiment. It was not only rank, or wealth, or temporal advantage, which the mob resented, but, above all, the superiority of mind and sway of intelligence. *Epicier* France was glad to be free of *ces gens-là*—the Guizots, the Thiers, the liberal statesmen and men of talent who had been the leaders of their generation. It was a relief to the surging and heaving popular mass to throw off the sway of every one better than themselves, and to be ruled by men of nothing. Even his politeness was scarcely proof against any rash approval of absolute power; and the sentimental English fancy, or profession of a fancy, for theoretic Cæsarism, irritated him to a high degree. "Why, for heaven's sake," he writes, in respect to a review of his own touching Memoir of General Lamoricière, "do you incline towards M. Carlyle's theory of autocratic government?" The mere suggestion stirred him to a sharpness keen and angry; and so did the English admiration for the Emperor, which was once more lively than now. This sentiment stung him as a poor man might be stung by commendations of poverty made by a rich and easy neighbour. "It is well for you to applaud a rule which you would not have for a single day," was his indignant comment, often repeated. Not only the actual evil, but the reproach upon France, the implication of her indifference to those liberties which he prized so much for her, wounded him to the quick. And with this feeling was mingled all the contempt, half expressed but always understood, of the old noble *fils des croisés* for a *parvenu* court. He, too, was impatient of *ces gens-là*; and still more impatient, still more contemptuous, was the high-born household which surrounded him.

Montalembert's generous, liberal, unfacitious spirit, made it at the same time difficult for him to maintain full amity even with the Catholic party, to which he had done, one time and another, immeasurable service. It was not in him to adopt unhesitatingly a certain party, with its drawbacks and advantages. He could not bind himself, whatever the penalties might be, to the paltry and untrue. He who had made the beginning of his career extraordinary by bowing his head, in all the youthful fire of his genius, under the yoke of the Papal decree—who for the best part of his life was incessantly occupied in serving the interests of his Church, and by all the force of his talent and influence aiding her progress—became such a mark for the arrows of the Ultramontane party as no profane person could have been. "There is

amongst the English Catholics," he writes in April 1866, "as well as amongst the French, a party of violent, denouncing, and persecuting people, who are unfortunately in possession of almost all our periodical press. They look upon me as more than half a heretic (as may be seen in M. Veuillot's last production, '*L'Illusion Libérale*'), on account of my liberal and conciliating opinions; and if my views, moderate as they are, were to be attenuated in the English text,* all those who are now barking against Dr. Newman (on account of his strictures on certain forms of worship of the B. Virgin), and many others, would cover me with needless obloquy." It is unnecessary for us to add any description of the fulness and fervour of his faith. He considered himself tolerant to the last degree—and was so in all practical ways, there can be no doubt; but yet his friends who were heretics could not but recognize in his tone a certain something—a slurring over of any reference to a common faith, a courteous silence in respect to religious convictions out of the pale of the Church, which showed, as it does so often in the most amiable and tender-hearted Catholics, either a rooted doubt of any good being possible, or a compassionate reluctance to do or say anything which might disturb that condition of invincible ignorance in which is a heretic's only hope. Of this, however—or rather of the individual heretic's perception of it—the chances are he was quite unconscious. "If you meet with any expressions," again in reference to "*Les Moines d'Occident*," "which may wound your religious or patriotic feelings," he writes, "remember how very prevalent the most painful language on that matter is with your countrymen and countrywomen. This ought and will, I am sure, make you indulgent to me. I have had to undergo, during my journey in Spain, all the bigoted outbreaks of Mr. Ford in Murray's handbook, at every step, against *all* that Catholics are taught to venerate and believe. Sorry and ashamed should I be if anything calculated to offend, in such a way, the belief of Protestant Christians, had ever fallen from my pen."

In this country there can be no doubt the name of Montalembert is more closely identified in the popular imagination with the defence and championship of the Church of Rome than with any other principle; and

the impression is a perfectly just one. The State and its liberties were much to him all his life, but the Church was more. He would have sacrificed anything for France, but more than anything for Rome. He had survived the failure of many political hopes, but the hopes of religion could never fail; and all his heart was in the work of re-evangelizing his beloved country. Knowing how entirely this was the case, it strikes us with a certain inexpressible indignation to read, as we write, in the news of the day, the expressions of absolute satisfaction with which the information of his death was heard in Rome. "What good fortune!" the Pope is reported to have cried. What ingratitude! He who had stood by the great Dominican Lacordaire and the great Jesuit Ravnac, supporting their efforts with all his talent, his influence, and popular fame, while they won back France to the Church, to be thus rewarded by that Church for the devotion of a lifetime! The Church had given him little at any time of his career, except the satisfaction of labouring for what he believed to be the cause of God. She had laid him open to the sneers of men outside her pale, who were incapable of comprehending his faith—and to the poisoned darts of men within, who were equally incapable of understanding his love of freedom and the candour of his nature; she had stolen from him his child, the one of his family, it is said, most like himself. The writer cannot forget the look on his face, the glimmer of tears in his eyes, as he held up the light to exhibit a portrait of his daughter, taken before her entrance into the order of the *Sacré Cœur*, in all the pretty pomp of dress which became her youth, and told the story of her self-dedication—"à ma grande desolation!" said the father, who had paid so severe a tax for his devotion to his Church. And his Church has rewarded her noble knight as she has rewarded many another—by depreciation of his virtues while he lived, and by an unseemly cry of triumph over his honourable grave.

But yet the very position in which he stood towards Rome at his death is instructive to us of a fact which we are very apt to forget, though perhaps less likely now than in periods of greater ecclesiastical calm—that the Church of Rome is, no more than our own, a blank of bigoted unanimity; but contains in her ample bosom many shades of sentiments, and is full of faithful souls, strong in all the fundamental truths of Christianity, who accept the superfluities of Romish faith often without the slightest hesitation, and even with fervour, as mat-

* This was in reference to the English translation of M. de Montalembert's great work, "*Les Moines d'Occident*," which he was most anxious should be rendered with absolute fidelity—a point on which he was fully satisfied.

ters rendered sacred by education and the prepossessions of nature, but without ever placing the secondary on the same level with the primary objects of faith. It is not within our present purpose to inquire how far this was the case with Montalembert. He was the truest of Romanists, receiving without doubt or difficulty much which it would seem to us impossible for such a man to receive; but he never surrendered his intelligence in matters which he considered within the scope of human reason. And it is strange and sad to find him, after his many struggles, dying at last while in the very act of delivering a stroke of the consecrated lance, with which for forty years he has tilted against her enemies, at the pretensions of Rome. But not of his Rome — the great traditional See which through a hundred storms had kept the life-blood warm in the inmost heart of Christendom, and prolonged its rule over all these centuries by higher means surely than by mere self-assertion, and shutting out of external light. That wider, more universal Church of his fathers, which a foolish Pope and narrow hierarchy may encumber with still more unnecessary dogmas, but which no man nor set of men can altogether deprive of the ever-reviving power of Christianity, will yet do justice to the stainless memory of Charles de Montalembert.

The great literary work upon which he had set his heart had been long interrupted, and it is now some time since he recognized as hopeless the possibility of bringing it near a conclusion. "I leave its completion to younger and happier hands," he wrote but a few months ago, with a sadness that every historical student will understand. Even the sober age at which he undertook, and the conscientious and laborious care with which he carried on, his history of "Les Moines d'Occident," have not sufficed to withdraw a certain tender light of sacred romance and enthusiasm from that work. For with all his keen wit and practical knowledge of men, with all his experience of the craft of politics both secular and ecclesiastical, and insight into the meaner minds and less elevated thoughts which fill up the general mass of humanity, this last *ŷils des crois  s* vindicated his

descent with a distinction seldom seen in the most rigid genealogy. He was a man of the nineteenth century, a constitutionalist, a parliamentarian, full of modern ways and thoughts; and yet he was as true a crusader as ever took the cross. That cross upon his shield, however, is not more significant of the noble enthusiasm of his character than is the motto which doubtless some other clear-sighted, sharp-witted Montalembert, pursuing a visionary object with keenest practical good sense, and brave indifference to its personal result, handed down out of the silent ages. "Ni espoir, ni peur," says the proud legend. It is the fullest comment upon the just concluded life. For himself he has sought nothing, looked for nothing, desired nothing. But for God, and for the Church, and for his country, how great have been his hopes, and how manifold his efforts! How sadly, with an echo from that perennial disappointment which is the burden of all human melodies, may we write the same words upon his grave! A certain still despair lay at the bottom of his heart in the declining of his life — France and the world seemed to him trembling within the vortex of overwhelming fate — God was still holding the great balance, so that somehow at the last, if even as by fire, salvation must be certain; but his hope had grown feeble of any temporal deliverance, or re-establishment of a noble social order. It is said that the recent changes in France brightened a little to his dying eyes the prospects of his nation; but this faint clearing of the skies at home could have done little to counterbalance the gloom of the storm-clouds which were gathering over the still dearer sanctuary of his heart and wishes at Rome. Death has brought him rest from many sufferings — it is the one incident in a good man's life which we feel sure must be accompanied by fullest satisfaction and perfect content; but there is nothing sadder to the age than thus to mark its onward way by signs of the extinction of another and another light. France and the world are so much the poorer by all the brightness of one brilliant intelligence, and all the sympathy and warmth of one most genial heart.

THE Philosophical Society of Philadelphia have, we understand, elected Mary Somerville a member. The venerable lady, now in her eighty-ninth year, has just corrected the proofs of the

sixth edition of her "Physical Geography," and is preparing a second edition of her recent work on "Microscopical and Molecular Science."

PART VI.

BOOK II. — MARIE.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN'S real birthday is not the day on which he first opens his eyes to the light of the sun. It is that on which the sunshine first pierces a little farther than his outward eyes.

At all events I like to say so; seeing that the latter, in my own case, is the only birthday that I am able to keep. For anything that I know to the contrary, I may be as old as the Great Pyramid, and have passed the first few thousand years of my life in a slumber from which I one day suddenly woke up to see — some clothes hung out to dry in a back garden.

Not a very striking introduction to the waking world. But what would you? Everybody must see something first; and it is not given to everybody to find their self-consciousness for the first time in a storm or in a battle. Of course, if I had my own way I would give my memory a more poetical origin; but, as I have not my own way in the matter — indeed I have, in the course of my life, had it very seldom, except in my very earliest years, when I had it rather too much — I must be satisfied with facts, however unpoetical they may be. Besides, I might have done worse. These same clothes — petticoats and such things — were not, I remember, without their merit as a spectacle to untried eyes, whether in point of colour, or of the form bestowed upon them by the wind, as it shook them out into the semblance of the wave-line of an angry sea; and I distinctly remember the rhythm of their flapping — an unmusical sound which, however, has been suggested to me a hundred times since by music in many cases as devoid of either body or soul as the clothes themselves, but which has often, for that very reason, affected me, not by any inherent suggestive power of its own, but by calling to mind a thousand other things.

Many a soulless sound has since — heaven knows why — by carrying my memory backwards over what is by this time a very long period of years, summoned up before me, in no ghost-like fashion, the undulations of familiar hills, the springiness of their turf, the whiteness of their winters, the sunshine of their summers — in a word, that strange, mysterious, magical odour that is at once suggested by the words, "my own country." I wonder whether it is given to those who, as I consider it, have the misfortune to be born in great cities, to really understand this feeling — whether the Parisian or the

Londoner finds in the multitude and variety of his stench anything similar in effect? For my part I believe they do; and that, had I also been city born, the smell of many chimneys, for example, might bring as dear and as sadly pleasant associations to my heart as the special perfume of my own woods and hills. For, as the voice is to the man or woman, so is this subtle aroma of the past to places; and the voice of his mother sounds harshly to no man.

At least I suppose not; for in this matter I must confess myself personally ignorant. Even as in point of age I might, for aught I know, be the contemporary of the Pyramids, so, in point of parentage, I might be of no woman born.

Who my father was, however, I *do* know — at least I have been told. He was no other than the Marquis de Créville, who had been feudal lord of the place where, on the principle I have laid down, I consider myself to have been born; and I have also been told that I was, or rather should have been, in the bad old times, heir to his title and lands. As things actually were, however, I found myself heir to nothing but his name and to his principles, which, I am proud to say, seem to have been those of no marquis of the old *régime*, but of a citizen of France; of one who is the willing subject of no royal accident. Such also am I, Félix Créville, Frenchman and musician; such, in spite of much sorrow — ay, and worse than sorrow because of it — I have always been proud to be; and such I am content to remain, until a few more years lead me at last, as I hope they will, to join that mother in heaven whom on earth I have so ignorantly loved.

Amen. But to return to the clothes'-line period, now so long ago, and yet still so near.

Childish recollections are strange things — strange in their very monotony; for, in spite of circumstantial differences, those of most men are pitched nearly in the same key. The colour that the universe assumes to the eyes of one young child is always much the same as that which it assumes to another, however much the form may vary. Whenever I have, in the course of conversation upon this subject, happened to compare notes with people of any sort or kind or country, high or low, rich or poor, I have always found that there is as much essential community of experience in this respect as in dreams, even although almost every one, as in the case of dreams, tries to make out his own to have been something singular and abnormal. At any rate, I can safely say, for my own part, that I have

never even found in books any account of childish experiences — of course I do not mean in point of outward detail — with which I have not been able to sympathize personally; and I know that in this I am very far from standing alone. Indeed I firmly believe that this would prove to be universally the case were it not that so many people forget the childhood of their minds and of their souls altogether. To remember one's past self as one really was, and as one is no longer, requires a faculty that is far from being universal; for it requires the faculty which, when joined with a power of expression, makes the poet. Without going so far as to claim for myself that title, I do hope that I may claim to call myself something of an artist in my own line, which comes to much the same thing; and, if I am at all an artist, I feel that it is because I am still the same Félix who was once, according to my system of autobiographical chronology, five minutes old.

Thus my own country, my old home, and the effect that they produced upon me by developing me into what I am, are still a part of my present self. Still part of me are those green valleys and wooded hills, alternately so beautiful and so desolate: still part of me, if not myself altogether, are their sounds — their various music of brooks, of rivers, and of torrents; of warm breezes and cold winds; of their birds, of their cattle, and all the notes and harmonies of the symphony of pastoral nature. Still part of me, also, are their discords: and, of these, above all the howl of the wolves in winter, which always used to fill me with a peculiar and nameless terror, the source of which seemed to belong to some previous state of existence. But this is not all. There were the people also, few enough and kind enough for me to know them all both by and with my heart. It needs not the slightest effort of memory for me to recall the forms and voices of "*Grandmère*," as I used to call the stern but bravely patient peasant whom the country round knew as Aunt Cathon; of my foster-mother; of the good Curé who was to me more than a father; of the lame wood-carver, who almost made a sculptor of me; of my playmates at Eaux-Grandes and Les Vacheries; of our dogs, both christened Loup, whom I fear I was ungrateful enough to my human friends to love as well as I loved any one; and, above all — above man, woman, or dog — that laziest, cleverest of village ne'er-do-wells, whose violin introduced me to a music that is almost more to me than that of nature herself. I have thought, sometimes, of

composing a *fantasia* on the subject of that fellow and his tunes, only no one could be expected to appreciate it but myself, and for me it would be too sad a task now. If, however, I ever do any such thing, I shall call it "*Pré-aux-Fleurs*," and tell no one why.

I remember, also, that I was looked upon in the village as a sort of superior being, if only for my father's sake. No one ever once scolded me, that I can remember, under any circumstances: and I am sure that if I was ever guilty of the weakness of crying for the moon, as I have no doubt I was, it was not the fault of my friends that it did not become mine. Every one, I fear, spoiled me, and "*Grandmère*" most of all; and I believe that to this very day I might have gone on living upon the charity of the place, thinking it quite right and quite in the natural order of things, had it not been for the Curé and the fiddler. The former taught me to read and write, to decline *Musa*, to be a good Catholic, and to remember that, peasant as I had become, I was a French gentleman after all — a fact that, in spite of my republicanism, I was, and am, not unwilling to remember. The latter, who was called Jean-Baptiste, taught me to play the Marseillaise — which I infinitely preferred to *Musa* — to sing a song or two, and to keep time to one or two lively dances. Nearly half my time I spent with the one teacher, and nearly half with the other; and though I know whose company I then most preferred, it would be difficult for me to say upon which of the two I look back with most affection now.

Nevertheless, in spite of the education that in one way and another I managed to pick up, it naturally required some external circumstance of a very decided nature to prevent my settling down in some way or other as a peasant of Saint Félix-des-Rochers — for so was the parish named. It is true that the conscription might have turned me into a soldier of the empire. But otherwise I should very likely have married one of my playmates — I think I know which it would have been — and settled down into the proprietorship of a *châlet*; while my violin would have succeeded that of Jean-Baptiste as the enlivener of weddings and festivals. I believe, too, that in my ignorance of all external life I should have been happy. But I do not, cannot, regret that such was not to be my lot; for who would give up his experience even of sorrow?

One day — for I did not see my few playmates very often — I was wandering about alone in the neighbourhood of *Pré-aux-*

Flours — or rather I should have been wandering about alone had it not been that I was accompanied by Loup the second and by my violin, the present of Jean-Baptiste, who was the possessor of more than one. I can scarcely say that music was a passion with me in those days, for I could always be entirely happy without it; but it was an amusement to which I took at least as kindly as to the more ordinary pursuits of my age. Nor can I honestly say that it at the time ever stirred up any wonderful emotions within me. A sad tune used to make me feel sad, a merry one, merry — and a well-managed modulation would make my nerves creep and glow a little — but that was all. In fact, such airs as I knew were not of a character that was likely to produce any greater effect; although, no doubt, where there is genius, it may be called out by anything, however slight. But then to genius I have not pretended for many years past. Nevertheless, my violin was my constant companion; and I should as soon have thought of leaving the house without it as without my dog himself. On this occasion the weather was hot, and I presently grew tired of rambling; so it was the most natural thing in the world that I should sit down by the roadside where I found myself, and amuse myself quietly in my favourite fashion with Loup for my audience — or rather not quietly, for he always howled most delightfully whenever I played certain passages that he seemed to find sympathetic.

I was so interested in this occupation that two strangers approached without my observing them, until I suddenly heard a loud burst of laughter within a few feet of where I was sitting.

Now it was not so rare as it had once been for strangers to be seen in the neighbourhood during the summer; for the picturesque had of late years begun to come into fashion, and it was no rare thing for artists and other tourists to find their way among us from Besançon, and the other towns in the same part of France. From my own small experience I could see that these two were tourists of one sort or another amusing themselves by walking through our beautiful hills instead of posting along the dusty highroad.

"*Bravissimi!*" exclaimed one of them — a tall, dark, and handsome man of about fifty years old, with bright black eyes. "That dog will be an acquisition to the *grand opéra*."

His companion, some fifteen or twenty years younger, and of a short, stout figure, was one whose hair, eyes, lips, and peculiar turn and carriage of the shoulders — that

only infallible sign — marked him out as one of the house of Israel.

"Too many of them there already," he answered, "and of both sexes. This one certainly wouldn't be the worst of them, though. But we seem to have come upon a brother artist, besides the singer. Just play that again, my boy, will you?"

I was much too spoiled a child to be shy, and so I stood up and played willingly and at once. But Loup was not shy either, and spoiled the effect considerably.

"Do you never play anything but accompaniments for *Maestro Lugubrioso* there?" asked the short man again.

"*Plait-il, M'sieur?*"

"I mean, does your dog always howl like that?"

"No, *M'sieur* — only at what he likes."

"Then play us something that he doesn't like, please."

I obeyed.

"Well done, my boy. But that isn't quite the way, though," he continued; and then, taking my violin from me, and having put the strings in order, he *did* play.

After all, then, I had never heard music before!

"Oh, play something more, *M'sieur* — please!" I exclaimed, excitedly, when it was over.

He smiled, and then began something else. I felt the hills floating away before my eyes into infinite space. Who could this man be? and to think that my own poor fiddle should be capable of producing such sounds as these!

At last that also came to an end, and with the cadence my soul seemed to sink away also. I could not have spoken to save my life, and stood spell-bound.

"And who taught you to play, my boy?" asked this wonderful being.

"Who taught you, *M'sieur?*"

"Ha, ha, ha! You seem a strange fellow. If you wish to know, it was a certain stupid fellow they call Moretti."

"And where does he live?"

"Where does he live? In a place called Rome, if you know where that is. But why do you ask?"

"Because I will go to Rome!"

The two strangers first stared at me, then at one another, and then laughed again. I felt angry.

"I suppose, *M'sieur*," I said, "if he has taught you he can teach me too."

"Hm! That depends, my boy."

The tall man now addressed me for the first time; and he spoke gravely and kindly.

"Play me something else," he said: "something slower, if you can."

"Pardon me, *M'sieur*."

"Why not?"

"Because I will never play again until I have learned."

"That is to say you will never go into the water until you have learned to swim? So be it, then—never mind. What is your name? Do you belong to this place? Is this how you get your living?"

"Félix Créville, *M'sieur*. I live at Pré-aux-Fleurs—there up the hill."

"And do you get your living by your fiddle?"

"No, *M'sieur*. I live with Aunt Cathon and *Mère Suzanne*."

"And can you read?"

"Yes, *M'sieur*."

"And write?"

"Yes, *M'sieur*."

"*Bravo!* You are a fine fellow. Have you a father—a mother?"

"I never had either, *M'sieur*."

"You must have come into the world somehow, though. And how old are you?"

"I do not know, *M'sieur*."

"Ah, I see. And so you want to learn the violin?"

"I will learn it, *M'sieur*."

"That remains to be seen. How have you managed, so far?"

"I have not learned, *M'sieur*."

"How? You did not find it out by yourself, I suppose?"

"Ah, *M'sieur!* I know nothing. That is not playing."

Poor Jean-Baptiste!

"Well, so be it. And do you think Aunt Cathon or *Mère Suzanne* could find us a draught of milk at Pré-aux-Fleurs?"

"Oh, *M'sieur!*" I had hopes of more of that wonderful music from the stout violinist, who had been silent while the other was talking to me.

"Show us the way then," continued the tall stranger. "What shall you do with this franc piece?"

"I shall give it to Jean-Baptiste!"

"And who is Jean-Baptiste?"

"He gave me this violin. He taught me—what he knew."

"Ah! Give it him then, by all means; and this also," he added, increasing his gift.

"He must be a clever fellow, this Jean-Baptiste, and we will see him too, as well as Aunt Cathon and *Mère Suzanne*. And now we must be acquainted. This is my friend, Monsieur Prosper; I am Signor Moretti."

CHAPTER II.

AND so it came about—though my excitement at the time confuses my memory considerably as to the exact details of the

ensuing weeks, that the nature of my career in life became fixed. I was to become a musician, and was to learn my art in Paris. As to pecuniary means, I fear—I very much fear—that Father Laurent, in the course of the conversation which he held with my two new patrons, and of which I did not bear a word, but in the course of which I presume he was persuaded that my departure from my home under their auspices would prove the best thing for me, deceived them very considerably; and that I, ignorantly and unconsciously, robbed him of the greater part of an income from which, one would have thought, he could spare nothing. Nay, I fear also that I must thereby, to some extent, have robbed his poor.

Among the many faults of my nature of which I am conscious, I do not reckon ingratitude. On the contrary, a kindness even from a friend always weighs me down with a sense of obligation to such an extent that I scarcely like to receive a favour without an immediate prospect of returning it with interest, and fills my heart with an almost dog-like feeling towards him who confers it. And thus I can never recall this period of my life of which I now speak, child as I was, without undergoing a pang of regret, almost of remorse.

I had hitherto lived as my own dog had lived—that is to say, in an atmosphere of kindness, bestowed upon me so freely, so much as a matter of course, that I, consciously at least, appreciated it no more than I consciously appreciated the fresh air of the hills. I could not, of course, have been kept and fed for nothing, and my peasant friends must often have found the times hard enough for themselves without an additional mouth to feed; and now, to crown it all, the Curé was depriving himself of what, judging from the slenderness of his purse, must have been almost necessities of life, in order to benefit me and give me a chance in the war of the great world. And yet, in spite of all this, and in spite of the affectionate sorrow that filled the whole place for days, and Pré-aux-Fleurs for weeks, before my departure—a sorrow that filled my own eyes with sympathetic tears—I was glad and eager to leave my home. It was a perfectly natural eagerness, no doubt, and I knew no more about the part that money plays in the world than I knew of the world itself; but I cannot, in my soul, excuse myself to myself, however much my unconscious ingratitude sprang from the innocence that belongs to ignorance. Alas! once more I fear that I found it really hard to part from none save Loup; and I was,

with all my new artistic ambition, child enough to repent the career I had chosen, when for the first time I had to go out of doors without him. The appealing look of mute wonder in his eyes when I, for the last time, embraced him and forbade him to follow me, haunted me for long; and all the more as there seemed to be something of rebuke and of warning in it. I used to imagine his long and weary waiting for my return, settling down at last into the chronic dullness of a vacant life, such as crushes the nature of dogs even more than that of men; but I did not picture to myself, as I do now, Aunt Cathon and *Mère Suzanne* with the occupation that formed the one excitement of their hard, monotonous peasant life for ever departed from them; Jean-Baptiste, weary of his fiddle, and perhaps consoling himself for the loss of a comrade, for whose sake I can see now that he had long kept himself within bounds, by a return to his wild ways; the Curé, without his pupil, and with his time heavy upon his hands. I am not guilty of vanity when I picture to myself all this. I know now how much love was mine in my old home.

Any one who knows anything of musical history will not need to be reminded that Signor Moretti was the greatest violinist and one of the most eminent composers of his day. Even still, in what I cannot help thinking to be degenerate days, his works contrive to hold their own. But although I owe it to him that I became a musician, it is not my good fortune to be able to boast myself one of his immediate pupils. His light just shone upon me, and that was all. He lived in Rome; and for hundreds of reasons it was impossible that I could follow him there at once. But in Paris I found myself in good hands. I was the pupil of of his pupil, Monsieur Prosper, for whom at first I entertained a shy dislike, owing to his brusque manners, his capricious temper, and propensity to ridicule; but it was not long before I pierced through the shell, and, according to my nature, came to feel a love that, born of gratitude, ripened into friendship.

Of course it will be understood that I am now beginning to refer to days long subsequent to my bewildering journey to Paris, the events of which are, like those of the days immediately preceding it, far too dream-like to make a detailed narrative of them possible. All I know is that I did arrive somehow and was soon immersed in hard, dry exercises, that often made me repent, not almost, but altogether, of my ambition, and long for the liberty which I had enjoyed hitherto of making as many im-

perfect notes, slips in time, and barbarous graces as I pleased. I found very soon that music as an amusement, and music as a profession are very different things. Still, however, I worked hard; and if I had not done so willingly, Monsieur Prosper would have made me do so against my will. He was the first person who ever really scolded me, and that is a real and startling experience in the life of a spoiled child.

He was certainly a good teacher, though he had but little enthusiasm even for his art, which he regarded strictly as a profession, like any other profession, and as being after all, or rather above all, a means of making money. He treated it accordingly; and the result was, that while he did not, perhaps, know how to bring out any genius that might be latent in any of his pupils, he did most thoroughly teach all of them how to make the most of themselves in the way the world admires. He had no crotchets, and scorned all systems that did not bear the seal of success. And yet he himself, with all his common-sense and all his Hebrew blood, was by no means a prosperous man. He was not content with living by his profession—he must needs become rich by it; and so he became, in effect, less an artist than an *impresario* and theatrical speculator. In this capacity he had plenty of knowledge and plenty of boldness; but these good qualities were altogether neutralized by want of tact, want of temper, and want of capital. I am not quite sure that he was not at one time even director, or in some way mixed up with the direction, of the *Grand Opéra* itself: certainly when I knew him he was always dabbling in a dozen theatrical affairs at once, with the very worst results to his own pocket. Sometimes, even, he was reduced almost to the very last straits; but, like the rest of his race, he was never at his wits' end, never lost confidence in himself, and never relaxed in his energy for a moment even at the worst of times. He was by no means liked in the profession, but I never heard even his worst enemies throw a shadow of suspicion upon his complete uprightness in all matters of business. If it were the case, as unhappily it is not, that success is always to be gained by working for it and deserving it, he would have died a millionaire.

This would have been a strange person to become my friend, were it not that friendship almost always contains an element of strangeness. I was still a boy; he almost middle-aged. I held transcendental views of life and art; he was an artistic adventurer. I thought only of the soul of mu-

sic; he of little but its form. I was quiet, romantic, dreamy, and reserved; he, bustling, prosaic, energetic, and self-reliant. For some reasons it was well, for others not so, that I had a friend of this kind. At all events I learned a great deal from him and through him, not only about my profession, but about its professors. Connected as he was with almost all of them, my acquaintance with him laid bare to my unwilling eyes the wretched intrigues, the contemptible jealousies, the atmosphere of sordidness, of stupidity, of charlatanism, and of cant, the conventionalities and all the sickening littlenesses with which the glorious art of music was then and still is so utterly enveloped as to be almost suffocated. I learned that if an artist wishes to "succeed," as it is called, he or she must, in order to do so, lay aside all the better part of himself and become, as the Germans say, a rank Philistine. I learned that almost all who style themselves artist are either hucksters or charlatans; that their critics are for the most part much the same, only with a stronger dash of dishonesty; and that audiences consist almost entirely of flocks of silly sheep, whom *clagues* and critics lead by the nose. If I seem to speak strongly upon this matter, I am glad of it. I would speak more strongly if I could; and I could do so without suspicion, inasmuch as I do not pretend that I personally should have succeeded any better than I have done even in a better state of things. Now, this early insight into the nature of the world in which I was henceforth to move, while it proved far from useless to me, was the cause of my losing a considerable amount of enthusiasm; and loss of enthusiasm for his art is the worst misfortune that can befall one who aspires to be an artist in any form. It was impossible for me not to lose a great deal of mine when I knew, for example, that some great *prima donna*, whose whole genius, or rather whose whole stock-in-trade, consisted of a tolerably good voice, neither worse nor better than that of nine women out of ten, had gained her public position by the path of private protection; that the enthusiastic crowd which took her horses from her carriage and drew her home in triumph consisted of supernumeraries of the theatre; that the applause that filled the house was originated and regulated by hands hired for the purpose; that the shower of bouquets thrown upon the stage were the lady's own property hours before they lay at her feet; that the critics who described it all in such glowing terms knew all this as well as, perhaps better than, I knew it, were even more ignorant of music than the

audience, and wrote from no higher motive than love of their friends and hatred of their own and of their friends' foes. I fear it is only too true that they not seldom wrote from very much lower motives. I remember, to cite one instance of what I mean, a certain leader of criticism in my own time, by whose power scores of reputations were made and marred, who, whenever a singer was about to make a first appearance, would call and say, "Signor," or "Madame," or "Mademoiselle, I have already prepared three notices of your performance of to-morrow evening. The first, as you see here, is sufficiently favourable, and will insure you a *succès d'estime*: it is yours for so many francs. The second, which I also show you, clearly proves you to be the greatest singer of the past, of the present, and of the future: it is yours for so many francs more. The third, which it is unnecessary for you to see now, you may have *gratis*; but, if it appears, I do not think that you will care to sing in Paris again." I do not, of course, mean to say that in all countries musical criticism has attained to such a pitch of sublimity as this, or that in any country critical dishonesty is always of a gross and conscious kind. But I certainly do say that it needs every note that has ever been produced by true genius to prevent me from hating my art as much as I despise my profession. "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest," they say; but in this case I am not ashamed to be called an ill bird.

But I am in effect anticipating; for my blindness was of course not removed immediately. I knew far too little of things or of people to lose the enthusiasm of my nature immediately; and for long I worked on in the belief, not only that my own merit was great, but that in art-matters merit must necessarily achieve success. Now, indeed, I should be very much tempted to say to any singer, composer, or other musician who asked me for the secret of success, "It is simple, and it is this: do not deserve it; for no man can serve two masters, and the kingdom of Art is not of this world." Whether the same advice would be equally applicable to poets and painters, I know not; but I am sure, from long experience, that it applies to musicians. But I daresay that it does apply to all equally; that, in order to succeed,

"Musician, or Painter, or Poet,

We must speak as the world may choose,

And for truest worship — show it

In silence to the Muse;" —

and that what the Muse chooses and what

the world chooses are two very different things indeed. Of course I do not mean to say that good men never do succeed; on the contrary. But then it is by having other qualities besides merit.

I need not say that in those days I was poor enough; and that, as I grew in years and stature, I developed into a Bohemian of that famous tribe whose capital settlement used to be the Latin quarter. But of this part of my life I will say little, for Bohemia is Bohemia all the world over; and it would be unnecessary to describe it to those who have sojourned in it, and impossible to those who have not. I will only say that in those days the Latin country was in its glory, for they were the birthdays of the great romantic *renaissance*, or rather revolution, in Art and literature. Of course I was romanticist, heart and soul, and the word "classical" stank in my nostrils. In this respect I should very much like to chronicle some of my recollections, for the period is still replete with interest and importance. It was, of course, not the fortune of an obscure musical student like myself to see much of the heroes of that time, but still I could not help coming to know a great deal about them at second-hand. But I will refrain, for it is of myself that I am speaking now. With regard to myself, then, I added to my musical practice the scribbling of much highly unclassical verse — of which, I am ashamed to say, the stanza that I have just quoted is a specimen — the growth of long hair, and, in general, as Byronic a style and demeanour as I could manage within my limited scope. I also, in a small way, liked to be considered rather a dangerous person, and longed to experience a *grande passion*. What was practically more important, I obtained through Monsieur Prosper a small theatrical engagement and a pupil or two of my own, and I have every reason to believe that my master was satisfied with my progress. Before very long I found myself justified in thinking that I might be able to carry out my childish impulse of visiting Signor Moretti at Rome, which had, ever since I had formed it, been the height of my ambition.

Everybody can point back to some particular period of his life as being distinctly the happiest; and the period of which I am now speaking was mine. I worked hard, I really loved my art, I was full of hope and confidence, my personal wants were few and easily satisfied, I had many acquaintances, some friends, and much pleasure. If my purse was light, my heart was lighter still.

But one morning — how well I remember it! — when I was attending a musical rehearsal at the theatre, Monsieur Prosper came up to me and said, —

"I am getting to have too many irons in the fire, I am afraid. I have not time to attend properly to half of them, what with one thing and another. I must send off a few of my pupils, unless you will help me. I can turn over some of them to you very easily. For instance, there is the *pensionnat* of Madame Mercier. You don't profess the piano, of course; but you'll do very well for a week or two. I ought to go there tomorrow; but, as you know, my mornings are all otherwise engaged for a fortnight at least, so it is impossible. Will you take them off my hands just for the present? It will be worth your while."

Of course I consented willingly; nor do I remember that I experienced the shadow of a presentiment of what was to come of my consenting to render Monsieur Prosper so apparently slight a service.

CHAPTER III.

ON arriving punctually next morning at Madame Mercier's, I found that I had to give three lessons. My first pupil proved to be wholly uninteresting in every respect: indeed I can scarcely recall her to mind. The second was a young English lady, whom I remember well for many reasons, although but little for her own sake.

The hour which I had to devote to the latter had nearly expired when the door opened, and another young girl entered quietly and sat down in a retired part of the room, as though to wait until I should be disengaged. I just looked round for a moment, and saw that she started a little — I suppose that she had expected to see Monsieur Prosper. More than that, however, I did not see just then, for she to whom my immediate attention was due was in the midst of a difficult passage, and making a mess of it. But when the lesson was over, I certainly did see something more. I do not know to what extent my face betrayed my admiration: to some extent, however, it must have done so, for she blushed a little as she curtisied to me, and then without a word walked straight to the piano. I did not hear her voice until she began to sing.

Neither was the voice in itself, nor was the use that she made of it, very wonderful: nor was it even of a kind that I in general used to find sympathetic. Usually I care nothing for a voice, however beautiful it may be in other respects, that has not depth and shadow; and hers, although musical,

was wholly without either. And yet somehow — how shall I possibly make myself intelligible? — it seemed to be sympathetic to a side of my nature that had never hitherto revealed itself to me save by dim and momentary flashes. Like certain other sounds, like certain colours, like certain odours, it seemed to speak of a life other than that which I always remembered to have lived since I was born: to be associated with one of which I was mysteriously conscious, but did not consciously remember. It carried my heart backward beyond the reach of memory altogether, and threw me into that state in which one is forced to believe in the doctrine that the soul lives, and enjoys, and suffers before it is born.

It was this, I think, even more than her great beauty, that made this third hour to rush by so rapidly, and myself to be filled with such a glow of strange happiness at its close. Of this my first interview with her I have of course nothing to say that can be expressed in definite words. Outwardly, it was nothing more than a mere ordinary music-lesson. But, in reality, it seemed to me to be nothing short of a revelation, though of a vague, unintelligible kind; nor did I care to make it clearer to myself, or to understand it better. I only felt that I had found my ideal, even though, as is always the case, it had proved to be altogether different from the ideal of my imagination.

I do not know whether my experience is singular or not. Judging from what men say, the special kind of sympathy which we call love is for the most part born unconsciously, and apart from any effort of the will. But I did not "fall in love." I sought it, and threw myself into it consciously and intentionally. As I have already said, I was in search of a *grande passion* — of a heroine for all my dreams of romance: and if I had not found this particular heroine, I should inevitably have found another. But my temporary pupil had the advantage of fulfilling my whole ideal to perfection; and I think that she would have rendered me faithless to any heroine whom I might have fancied that I had found before seeing her. If I had had a Rosaline, as I had not, she would have proved my Juliet. She was beautiful beyond all question: she was herself romantic: she was a lady: she was herself to be an artist: and — not the least of her merits in the eyes of one of my character — she was poor and dependent: so that she was at one and the same time both my superior and my equal. Hitherto my acquaintance with women had been confined to our good

comrades the *grisettes*, who had none of these advantages, excepting that of poverty: but now —

Well, as I have said, I chose her for my heroine deliberately and almost in cold blood: really, I believe, at first because I thought it the right thing to do. But, alas! "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour.*" The more I came to see of her, the more my feeling towards her became less and less a matter of vanity, or even of mere admiration. Before long I forgot myself in her altogether. This is not a mere phrase: I mean literally what I say, let the reader shrug his shoulders as much as he pleases at the notion of carrying sentiment that is not born of passion to so extreme a length. I know that in this frigidly philosophical age no one ever suffers himself to feel an emotion that is inconsistent with prudence and comfort: I know that the extreme of sentiment shares a well-known quality of the sublime, and that the flights of sentiment in which the poets of another age used to indulge, have come to be regarded as mere ornaments of a sort that has gone out of fashion, and that never at any time represented anything true or genuine. In so far as men now consider the desire of possession to be, after all, the ultimate cause of what is called love, I agree with them; but, at the same time, I know from my own experience, that in my own case love for a woman may be born in mere sentiment, and that mere sentiment may so continue to give it power and life, that passion may play a part that is so slight as to be indeed imperceptible. I certainly first of all loved, because I wished to love: and I continued to do so, because she whom I loved filled all my thoughts and all my fancies in a way with which mere passion could have had nothing to do; and this kind of love I hold to be the most overwhelming of all. Passion may be directed, if not conquered; but he is lost who becomes the slave of a dream.

After all, though, I daresay that almost every man, if the truth were known, has a romance of the same nature hidden away somewhere, even though in other respects his life is written in the plainest of prose. On this assumption I will cease to defend myself and my theories about this matter farther. In any case, I think I have said enough to show what I mean; and the subject is far too vague and complex to tempt me to go into it more deeply.

At any rate, without thinking of consequences, without even putting my hopes and wishes into shape, I indulged this new feeling of mind to the very utmost. I even

continued to encourage it, even when it was full grown; and deliberately, something in the spirit of the Knight of La Mancha, sought to come up to the ideal of the lover of romance. And it was not long before I could not help seeing that the love which I had not as yet dared to declare, but yet had been unable to conceal, was far from being scorned.

How long in reality this state of things continued I am wholly unable to say. It must have lasted more than a moment and less than a century: but even so much certainty as that I do not derive from memory. But at last—again just after a rehearsal, and while I was putting my violin into its case—Monsieur Prosper, who was also present in some capacity or other, or, more likely, in several capacities at once, came up to me again. I had not seen much of him of late—indeed for that matter I had not seen much of any of my old friends for some little time past.

"Well," he said, in his usual abrupt manner, "and how did you find things going on up there? Are they in want of a *primo tenore*? Because, if so, I think we have just been listening to one that is quite out of his place among us poor mortals."

This was one of his ways of making enemies. He had a special knack of delivering his sarcasms just when they must necessarily be overheard by those at whose expense they were made.

"What is that you say, Monsieur Prosper?" asked our own *primo tenore*, who had just finished a grand *aria*, and was now passing us on his way out.

"Ah, pardon. I did not see you. I was only remarking to Monsieur Félix here how splendidly you brought out that *Ut de poitrine*—it was superb. It is really a shame that every violin in the place happened to be sharp at that exact moment. How was it, Félix? But you have not answered my question. Is it true that they believe in Rossini up there? Or have the mad doctors belied them?" Rossini, by the way, in his character of innovator, was, as a matter of course, a special aversion of Monsieur Prosper in those days before Paris had accepted him.

"Up where?"

"In the moon, of course. You have been there so long that I thought you were going to stay there for good. My dear fellow, where in the world have you been all these weeks, that nobody has seen you?"

"My friends must have been very blind then. I have been at the theatre every night."

"Ah, that is good! I have certainly

seen some one not unlike you sitting in the orchestra—but yourself, no. And if I were you, and wanted a double to receive my salary for me while I was visiting the planets, I would at all events get one that would do me credit—who would neither cut my friends nor play out of time. Ah, it must be a big orchestra for me not to tell which instrument it is that is doing the mischief."

I generally took his scolding in as good part as it was meant. But this time I sympathized with the *primo tenore*. I was about to reply a little sharply, when a grave and strangely kind look came into his eyes, which made me silent at once.

His words, however, were less kind than the look which accompanied them. I do not think that he had the power of speaking quite seriously, even when he wished to do so.

"My dear Félix," he said, "whether you have been to the skies or not, I can not help thinking—do you not feel it yourself?—that there are symptoms about you of the *Ange—sans G.*"

I guessed what he meant immediately, and have no doubt that my face showed that I guessed it. I coloured with the shame that every one feels when he finds that the romance of his life is read by worldly and unsympathetic eyes.

"I daresay there are," I said, as lightly as I could. "There are about most people, in one way or another."

"Yes—because they're born so; and I should never dream of quarrelling with them for it. On the contrary, I approve of the arrangement. But your ears are not long by nature, my dear boy—at least not so very long, that is to say."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"Look here. You mean to be an artist, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well then, I've known a great many artists in my time—a great many. And I've also known a great many men who had the stuff in them, and might have been artists, only —"

"Well?"

"Only some took to drink, and some took to—you know what I mean."

"Indeed I do not."

"Yes, you do. Flirt as much as you like: women are charming creatures, especially *coquettes*; and it's a useful excitement. I do it myself whenever I get the chance—and I do get the chance sometimes, though I'm not exactly *beau garçon*. Have as many *liaisons* as you please: it's the best way of getting to learn the world

and how to keep straight and safe in it, if you can spare the time, which I confess I can't. But, in the name of thunder, keep clear of a grand passion! I know something of such things; and I know a great deal about you. And I tell you, I, Louis Prosper, that no real artist ever cared for a woman above his art—that is, above himself, which is the same thing; and that is what you seem to be in a fair way of doing. You are quite capable of it. And I won't have my best pupil spoiled before my eyes by the best she of them all if I can help it."

This was certainly a little too much for me to stand. "And what—" I was beginning, when he interrupted me by laying his arm upon my shoulders while he shrugged his own.

"Ah, you think me a stupid old fellow?" he said; "but you are wrong. It is you who are the stupid young one. This wonderful she is to be your loadstar, and all that sort of thing, is she not? I know. But what would you? Perhaps you have not thought? *Eh bien!* I have thought, though."

"I do not see what business it is of any one but myself."

"Perhaps you don't. But it is. Do you think I say all this for the sake of your own *beaux yeux*? Bah! not Louis Prosper! Perhaps you will think next that he has not been teaching you for his own sake? A likely thing indeed! *Corpo d'un cane!* I thought better things of you, my dear Félix, than that you should risk your career for a fancy—as you are, I can very well see. I know you. You will end either in the Morgue or in marriage; and either way there will be an artist spoiled. Come—think of me; think of Moretti. Do you think he made his *concerto* in A sharp minor by falling in love? Not he—it was by keeping his brain clear and his heart whole: and yet he was a man *aux bonnes fortunes*. But then a *bonne fortune* is not a grand passion, you understand? Do you think that I made my—Be a man. Take some little Pauline or Adèle from the *corps de ballet* to make you comfortable till you can afford to look higher. There are plenty who would jump at you in this very house, not to speak of elsewhere, and who would not expect champagne every day. Stick to your fiddle, crop your ears, send love to his father, who is the devil, and come and dine with me. *Sole Normande*—cutlet *financière*—a salad—a glass of Yquem? Will that suit you? And, by the way, I shall be able to go myself to Madame Mercier's again now. Never mind, though, you shall have another pupil to make up. *Au revoir,*

mesdemoiselles. Come, Félix, I have forgotten my breakfast long ago."

But I was by no means grateful for his intended kindness.

"Thanks, Monsieur Prosper," I said, as coldly and stiffly as I could, "I have an engagement;" and walked away in a rage.

He shrugged his shoulders once more. "I must dine alone, then," I heard him say to himself. "Poor fellow! It's always the way. Yes, it's quite true—women are the devil; there's no doubt about it."

Monsieur Prosper was certainly not a man of tact. His advice had been altogether well meant, but it had, as may well be supposed, jarred upon me altogether. It was not that I objected to it in the least from a moral point of view, although, no doubt, I ought to have done so; for the atmosphere that I had breathed since leaving my old home was certainly not less free than that of the latter, and infinitely less pure. My childhood was not strict, to say the least of it. But this rigmorole, as it seemed to me, of flirtations, *bonnes fortunes*, marriage, the Morgue, Moretti, the *corps de ballet*, and *sole Normande*, was wholly out of harmony with the key in which my life seemed now to be set unchangeably. If he had actually mentioned her name in the same breath with all these things, I do not think I could have borne it. As it was, I almost think that though Monsieur Prosper was my friend, and I knew it, I for some minutes knew what is meant by the word hate. Had some evil genius just then transported us both to some quiet spot in the Bois, and changed our bows into swords, I think I should, at all events, have gone so far as to cry out "*En garde!*"

As I am speaking of what I felt at this moment, I may as well finish. 't almost invariably happens, that when one feels most strongly, one is then most liable to be impressed by any grotesque image that may chance to present itself. The intense absurdity of the idea of Monsieur Prosper being made to flourish a small sword almost made me laugh aloud as I walked along, and certainly made me repent of the manner in which I had parted from him. But, at the same time, though I did him justice in this respect, I was unconsciously harbouring a feeling which lasted more or less strongly for days, and which was far less excusable than my anger. I felt a positive disgust for music—not as a profession, but as an art and as itself—for my friends, for every person, and for everything, in short, that had happened since I had left my true home. And why? Because, forsooth, I was the Marquis de Créville, and Monsieur Prosper

was only a Jew fiddler! The blood which I had derived from ancestors, not so far back as the common ancestor of us all, but from knights and barons of the Crusades, from *Maréchaux de France*, and from fine gentlemen and finer ladies of more recent times — each and all of whom would have treated him as a creature that might be useful and amusing enough in his proper place, but, to gentlemen and good Christians, otherwise unclean — seemed all of a sudden to rebuke me for having not only made this man my friend, but for having made him my friend to such an extent as to have given him a right to find fault with me, and for having allowed him to degrade me to a position which they would have regarded as being no higher or better than that of a mountebank. And what was this thing called Art, after all, if it could only be served by a man's throwing himself under its chariot-wheels, and sacrificing to it all the best part of human nature? What but a Moloch, worse than the Baal of the world? Prosper's whole doctrine had disgusted as much as his manner of stating it had offended me; and as I could argue neither against the truth of what he had said nor against the merit of his intentions towards myself, I had to throw myself back upon my fictitious superiority of rank and race, and to soothe myself with the absurd consciousness that I, as a gentleman born, must needs have finer feelings and truer instincts than he. And so, perhaps, I had; but assuredly not because I had a claim to call myself Marquis, while he was an artist and nothing more. Certainly pride, or, as I should prefer to call it, vanity of birth, must be a very ineradicable thing if I, who have, as a good child of the Republic, believed in equality and fraternity from my cradle, was guilty of so gross a lapse into it as this; and if it often takes such a form as it did with me then, it must be as contemptible as it is ineradicable.

Before evening came, my heroine had heard from me the whole story of my love. The next morning, in all the intoxication of triumph, I told Monsieur Prosper what I had done. But he only shrugged his shoulders once more, and said nothing.

And now followed a season, not of happiness, but of glorious fever. I loved and was loved; and, as if that were not sufficient, mine was a love of which the course must needs be anything but smooth. It also had — though I scarcely know how or why — an element of mystery about it that made it more exciting still. I think that we both preferred that this should be so; she certainly did. So my whole time became taken

up with contriving meetings, in looking forward to them till they came, and in thinking about them when they were over. Most people, I doubt not, would have called me dissipated while I was a sufficiently good fellow among my comrades, and would have considered that a serious passion had steadied me; for the free life of my friends was mine no more. What they thought of me I do not know, for I never cared to know. It was now that I was really dissipated, both morally and intellectually. I still studied a little, but no longer in the spirit of a student; for my heart was no longer in anything that had not reference to her. I have heard of such a passion producing an opposite effect; of its acting as a healthy tonic, and not as a poisonous stimulant; of its leading men to do great things and to make the best of themselves. But I did not find it so; and so far, at least, Monsieur Prosper had not proved to be wrong in his estimate of my character. Indeed I am, on the whole, inclined to agree with him in holding that the less a would-be artist has to do with really serious passion, the better for him as an artist. By serious love I do not, of course, mean the passion that endures for a season only, however strong it may be while it lasts; I mean that which colours a man's life and changes his character; I mean that which by its very nature can never bear good fruit. After all, the cultivation of art depends, more than any other human pursuit, upon the even and harmonious working to one and the same single end of the brain, of the senses, and of the soul. The greatest artists of modern times have been just those whose natures have been the least disturbed by external influence; some by reason of a strength that has enabled them to throw off emotion at will; others, by reason of an incapacity of receiving any emotion not in harmony with their true selves. And so it will be found that the cardinal doctrine of the gospel of Art, as of the gospel of Christianity, is the subjugation of external nature; and that before a man can rightly express human emotion and its results, he must not only cease to be a slave to it, but become its master. Very few are born masters; not many are born freemen. And so let not the artist love too well; let him beware of going beyond mere passion, which passes, and friendship, which strengthens and does not disturb. I own that this is a cold, a disagreeable, and an unpopular creed; but then truth is apt to be cold, disagreeable, and unpopular. He who would be priest of the temple must submit to lead a life apart from other men. It may be that he can best express his emo-

tion who can feel it most; but then he must use his power of feeling as a slave—not obey it as a tyrant.

But since in my case these considerations came too late, and love had proved himself conqueror, why, it might be asked, did not these two, if they were really in love, do as hundreds of others have done in their place—Why did they not honestly make up their minds, poor as they were, to fight the battle of life bravely side by side, and to bear all things for each other's sake until, for each other's sake, they had gained what the world calls victory!

Yes, but I was living in a dream. I never thought of, or realized, anything except that I loved and was loved. She had no friends to compel me to think of what was right or wrong, wise or foolish. There was no one to bring me to a pause with a sudden demand to know what were my "intentions"—that is the right form, I believe—and a man who is blindly in love is not very likely to ask himself his own. Who, indeed, shall give reasons for what he does or does not do in a dream? And what man who really loves ever has "intentions?"

One wet and miserable morning—do I not remember it well?—we had met in the gardens of the Tuileries, which was an occasional place of *rendezvous* for us as for many another pair of lovers. She was looking marvellously beautiful even for her; indeed it is as I saw her then that I like best to think of her, and none the less that her beauty was increased by a slight shadow of sadness—in spite of which she made full amends for the absence of the sun.

Of course I told her so, but did not call a smile to her face. On the contrary, she, instead of heeding my words, gave me her hand to hold and began herself to speak.

"Oh, how shall I tell you what has happened?"

Her tone was more than enough to alarm me too much to allow of my doing more than question her silently.

"Miss Raymond has just told me that she leaves Paris. What is to be done?"

"That she leaves Paris!" I could only say, with a sinking heart; for I somehow felt a presentiment that this meant the end of my dream—that I must answer her question about what must be done.

"It is only too true. She is going back to England."

Now if I had been capable of looking forward at all, I should have known that this must have happened sooner or later. But then I had not been capable of looking forward. In my heart I had been fancying that the present was to last for ever; and

so the news came upon me like a blow that made my heart stand still. That I must actually have turned pale and faint I could read in the sudden look of anxiety that filled her eyes.

"When did you hear this?" was all I could manage to say.

"This morning."

"And that you go with her? Surely you cannot mean that?"

"I must, dearest Félix."

We were silent for a full minute. Then I said,—

"Do not go, remain here—be my wife."

I daresay that I spoke coldly and quietly; for words are always cold and tame when the heart is full. The tongue has a pride of its own; and when it cannot express all, it prefers to express nothing. But then, when the heart is full to overflowing, there is no need of words. Doubtless my eyes spoke for me—at all events I looked with so much eagerness of anxiety as to see the "yes" for which my soul longed hanging upon her lips. But it did not reach my ears.

"Why do you wait to answer?" I went on, suddenly and quickly; "are we not one already, in everything but in name? Surely Miss Raymond has no claim upon you now, when we belong to each other. Tell her, then, that you cannot go with her to England; that you cannot live in one land while your heart is in another. Have you not said so to me many times? As for a year or two of poverty, that shall be our pride! We will conquer the world together, which will conquer us if we part; and to part even for a time, without seeing an end to our parting, is to risk everything without need. We two, who live outside the world and scorn it, must not make marriage and love a question of so many francs. Do you give me the present, Angélique, and I will answer for your future! and I will find strength and courage for both. It is for your sake I ask you: if you wish me to be worthy of you, if you ever wish to be proud of me, you must give me the power, and you must give it now. Did I not tell you that you were my sun? and would you suddenly plunge me into darkness, when you might, with a word, make me all, I swear to you, that even you could wish me to be?"

"And you are not strong enough to wait—to trust me!"

"To trust you?—for ever! But to wait? No—when there is no need—when you can come to me now. Is it you that are not strong enough to trust me? Do you not believe that with you I can do all things

—without you, nothing? Angélique, I will not lose you, if I can help it, even for a day; for without you, a day would seem eternal. I have asked you for your own sake—I now ask you for mine. Stay with me—do not let us risk the good part of our lives lightly: nothing calls you away. Oh, Angélique, what can I say more than that I will live for you for ever—that you *shall* be proud of me, and that my life is in your hands?"

She had started when I first asked her to remain with me; and during the rest of my appeal she had never raised her eyes. Now she gave a deep sigh, and I felt the hand, which I still held closely, tremble; but instead of saying "yes," she only answered—

"But I *must* go now."

And nothing more than this, in spite of all that I could say, could I obtain from her. Indeed I must confess that my own arguments were bad enough, in all conscience. I could only promise her a life of poverty, to say the least of it. I could only endow her with the wealth of a future that had as yet given no tangible sign; and I could not justifiably—as any sensible person would hold—ask her to give up her life of comfort and luxury in order to live in some poor garret in the midst of my not very reputable theatrical surroundings, from which it must needs be not a few but a great many years before I could even hope to emerge. I fear that the impulses of love are often terribly selfish, even when they

are the purest and the most sincere. She said nothing about this, of course. I, consciously at least, did not think it; but I must have known in my soul that I was doing wrong. But still, right or wrong, for her to leave me and go to a land of which I knew nothing, where anything, for what I knew, might happen—where she might forget me, where she would at least be surrounded by a new atmosphere, by new scenes, by new faces, and, worst of all, by new admiration—the thought was simply unbearable. He who loves as I loved, must, it seems, be jealous of something; and I was now jealous of England—of the whole world. And so I continued to urge her, though against all right and reason. But it was in vain.

Nevertheless we did not part so. It was to be our last meeting; for although Miss Raymond was not to set out for England immediately, she was to leave Paris at once. And though my mistress would not grant my desire for an immediate marriage, I had no reason otherwise to complain. She convinced me that it was from no want of affection that she withheld her consent; and our last words were vows of eternal faith and constancy, whatever might happen.

And so the first part of my dream came to an end. I saw her again, indeed, several times before she left the French shore, but only from a distance. But very soon I lost even this poor consolation, and then Paris became a desert to me indeed.

Notes on Microscopic Crystals included in some Minerals.—By Isaac Lea. From the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Read February 16 and May 11, 1869.

In these two papers the author gives an account of the minute crystals included in sapphire, garnets, and several other minerals, which in some cases are arranged in a number of definite planes, so as to give rise to the appearance seen in the so-called "star sapphires." The essays are illustrated by a plate, which shows the character of the crystals in a very satisfactory manner. The author is, however, not quite correct in thinking that such included crystals had not been previously described by several authors. Sochting, in his excellent work,* gives an account of some facts similar to those observed by Mr. Lea; and Messrs. Sorby and Butler, in their paper on the microscopical structure of rubies,

sapphires, &c.* describe "the small plate-like crystals, often triangular in form, with an angle very acute. They are very thin, and arranged parallel to three principal planes of the sapphire," and are thus precisely like those now figured by Mr. Lea. There can be no doubt that the study of the minute crystals included in minerals often throws much light on their origin, and they play a far more important part than is often supposed, and serve to explain some of the discrepancies met with in their chemical composition.

Nature.

* Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. xvii, p. 291.

THE *Brighton Daily News* states that Mr. Bright's health has very much improved since his arrival at Brighton. He takes carriage exercise almost every day, and walks as much as he is able.

* *Einschlusse von Mineralen u. s. w. Freiberg, 1860.*

From The Argosy.
DICK MITCHEL.

If I relate it, it's not by my own wish, but because I am told to. To my mind, there's nothing much in it to relate. "The newspapers are squabbling on the subject just now," says a gentleman to me the other day; "and as you were at the top and tail of the thing when it happened, and are well up in the subject generally, you may as well make a paper of it, Johany." That was no other than the surgeon — Duffham.

We are at Dyke Manor this time: and you have heard before that it lay within the borders of Warwickshire, though some of its land stood in Worcestershire. Three miles off us by the high road, two by the fields, was old Jacobson's place, Elm Farm; a rambling kind of property, the house in one spot, the barns in another, and the land very good. It was not Jacobson's own; he rented it; and he had the reputation of being the best farmer for miles round.

Not to go into extraneous matter, I may as well say at once that one of the labourers on Jacobson's farm was a man named John Mitchel. He lived in a cottage near to us; a poor place of two rooms and a washhouse; but they call it back'us there — and had to walk nearly two miles to his work of a morning. Mitchel was a steady man of thirty-five, with a round head, and not any great amount of brains inside it; not but what he had as much as many labourers, and quite enough for the kind of work his life was passed in. There were six children, the eldest, Dick, ten years old; and most of them had straw-coloured hair, like their father.

Just before the turn of harvest one hot summer, John Mitchel presented himself at Mr. Jacobson's house in a clean smock frock, and asked a favour. It was, that his boy, Dick, should be taken on as plough-boy. Old Jacobson objected; saying the boy was too young and little. Little he might be, Mitchel answered, but not too young — warn't he ten? The lad had been about the farm sometime as scarecrow: that is, employed to keep the birds away, and got a shilling a week for it. Old Jacobson stood to what he said, however, and little Dick did not get his promotion.

But old Jacobson had no peace. Every opportunity Mitchel could get, or dare to use, he began again, praying that Dick might be tried. The boy was "cute," he said, strong enough also, though little; and if the master liked to pay him only fourpence a day, they'd be grateful for it: 'twould be a help, and was wanted badly. All of no use: old Jacobson still said No.

One afternoon about this time, we started to go to the Jacobsons' after a one o'clock dinner, I and Mrs. Todhetley. She was fond of going over to an early tea there, but not by herself, for part of the near way across the fields was lonely. Considering that she had been used to the country, she was a regular coward as to lonely walks, expecting to see a tramp or a robber at every corner. In passing the row of cottages in Duck Lane, we saw Hannah Mitchel leaning over the footboard of her door to look after her children, who were playing near the pond in the sunshine with a lot more; quite a heap of the little reptiles, all badly clad and as dirty as pigs. Other labourers' dwellings stood within hail, and the children seemed to spring up in the place thicker than wheat; Mrs. Mitchel's was quite a small family, reckoning by comparison. But how the six got clothed and fed was a mystery, out of Mitchel's wages of ten shillings a week. It was thought good pay. Old Jacobson was liberal, as farmers go. He used to give all his labourers a stunning big joint of home-fed fresh pork at Christmas, with fuel to cook it: and his wife was good to the women when they fell sick.

Mrs. Todhetley stopped to speak. "Is it you, Hannah Mitchel? Are you pretty well?"

Hannah Mitchel stood upright and dropped a curtsey. She had a covered-up bundle in her arms, which proved to be the baby, then not much above a fortnight old.

"Dear me! it's very early for it to be about," said Mrs. Todhetley, touching its little red cheeks. "And for you too."

"It is, ma'am: but what's to be done?" was the answer. "When there's only a pair of hands for everything, one can't afford to lie by long."

"You seem but poorly," said Mrs. Todhetley, looking at her. She was a thin, dark-haired woman, with a sensible face. Before she married Mitchel she had lived under nurse girl in a gentleman's family, where she picked up some idea of good manners.

"I be feeling a bit stronger, thank you," said the woman. "It don't come back to one in a day, ma'am."

The Mitchel children were sidling up, attracted by the sight of the lady. Four young grubs in tattered garments.

"I can't keep 'em decent," said the mother, with a sigh of apology. "I've not got no soap nor no clothes to do it with. They come on so fast, ma'am, and make such a many, one after another, that it's getting a hard pull to live anyhow."

Looking at the children; remembering that, with the father and mother, there were eight mouths to feed, and that the man's wages were the ten shillings weekly all the year round and no more, Mrs. Todhetley might well give her assenting answer with an emphatic nod.

"We was hoping to get on a bit better," resumed the wife; "but Mitchel he says the master don't seem to like to listen. A'most a three week it be now since Mitchel first asked it him."

"In what way better?"

"By a putting little Dick to the plough, ma'am. He gets a shilling a week now, he'd get two then, perhaps three, and 'twould be such a help to us. Some o' the farmers gives fourpence halfpenny a day to a ploughboy, some as much as sixpence. The master, he bain't one o' the near ones, but Dick be little of his age, he don't grow fast, and Mitchel telled the master he'd take fourpence a day and be thankful for't."

Thoughts were crowding into Mrs. Todhetley's mind—as she mentioned afterwards. A child of ten ought to be learning and playing; not working from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

"It would be a hard life for him."

"True, ma'am, at first; but he'd get used to it. I could have wished the summer was coming on instead o' the winter—'twould be easier for him to begin upon. Winter mornings be so dark and cold."

"Why not let him wait until the next winter's over?"

The very suggestion brought tears into Hannah Mitchel's eyes. "You'd never say it, ma'am, if you knew how bad his wages is wanted and the help they'd be. The older children grows, the more they wants to eat; and we've got six of 'em now. What would you, ma'am?—they don't bring food into the world with 'em; they must help to earn it for themselves as quick as anybody can be got to let 'em earn it. Sometimes I wonder why God should send such large families to us poor people."

Mrs. Todhetley was turning to go on her way, when the woman in a timid voice said, Might she make bold to ask, if she or Squire Todhetley would say a good word to Mr. Jacobson about the boy: that it would be just a merciful kindness.

"We should not like to interfere," replied Mrs. Todhetley. "In any case I could not do it with a good heart: I think it would be so hard upon the poor little boy."

"Starving's harder, ma'am."

The tears came running down her cheeks

with the answer; and they won over Mrs. Todhetley.

Crossing the high, crooked, awkward stile—over which, in coming the other way, if people were not careful they generally pitched over with their noses into Duck Lane mud—we found ourselves in what was called the square paddock, a huge piece of land, ploughed last year. The wheat had been carried from it only this afternoon, and the gleaners in their cotton bonnets were coming in. On, from thence, across other fields and stiles. We went a little out of our way to call at Glebe Cottage—a small white house that lay back amidst the fields—and enquire after old Mrs. Parry, who had just had a stroke.

Who should be at Elm Farm, when we got in, but the surgeon, Duffham: come on there from paying his daily visit to Mrs. Parry. He and old Jacobson were in the green-house, looking at the grapes: a famous crop they had that year; not quite ripe yet. Mrs. Jacobson sat at the open window of the long parlour, making a new jelly-bag. She was a pleasant-faced old lady, with small flat silver curls and a net cap.

Of course they got talking about little Dick Mitchel. Duffham knew the boy; seeing that when a doctor was wanted at the Mitchels', it was he that went. Mrs. Todhetley told exactly what had passed: and old Jacobson—a tall, portly man of sixty, with a healthy colour—got nearly purple in the face, disputing.

Dick Mitchel would be of as good as no use for the team, he said, and the carters put shamefully upon those young ones: in another year the boy would be stronger and bigger, perhaps he'd take him then.

"For my part, I cannot think how the mothers can like their poor boys to go out so young," cried the old lady, looking up from her flannel bag. "A ploughboy's life is very hard in winter."

"Hannah Mitchel says it has to be one of two things—early work or starving," said Mrs. Todhetley. "And that's pretty true."

"Labourers' boys are born to it, ma'am: and so it comes easy to 'em, as skinning does to eels," cried Duffham quaintly.

Any way, the little things were grievously to be pitied, was what the two ladies made answer.

"I've often wished it was not a sin to drown the superfluous little mites as we do kittens," wound up Duff.

One of the ladies dropped the jelly-bag, the other shrieked out, Oh!

"For their sakes" he added. "It's true,

upon my word and honour. Of all wrongs the world sees, never was there a worse than the one inflicted on these inoffensive helpless children by the parents, in bringing them into it. God help the little wretches! man can't do much."

And so they talked on. The upshot was, that old Jacobson stood to his word, and, declined to make Dick Mitchel a ploughboy yet awhile.

We had tea at four o'clock — at which fashionable people may laugh; considering that it was the real tea, not the sham one come lately into custom. Mrs. Todhetley wanted to get home by daylight, and the summer evenings were shortening. Never was brown bread-and-butter so sweet as the Jacobsons': we used to say it every time we went; and the home-baked rusks were better than Shrewsbury cake. They made Mrs. Todhetley take two or three in her bag for Hugh and Lena.

Old Duff went with us across the first field, turning off there to take the short cut to his home. It was a warm, still, lovely evening, the sun setting, the yellow moon rising. The gleaners were busy in the square paddock: Mrs. Todhetley spoke to some as we passed. At the other end, near the crooked stile, two urchins stood fighting, the bigger one trying to take a small armful of wheat from the other. I went to the rescue, and the marauder made off as fast as his small bare feet would carry him.

"He haven't gleaned hisself and wants to take mine," said the little one, casting up his big gray eyes to us in appeal through the tears. He was a delicate-looking, pale-faced boy of nine, or so, with light hair.

"Very naughty of him," said Mrs. Todhetley. "What's your name?"

"It's Dick, lady."

"Dick — what?"

"Dick Mitchel."

"Dear me — I thought I'd seen the face," said Mrs. Todhetley to me. "But there are so many boys about here, Johnny; and they all look pretty much alike. How old are you, Dick?"

"I'm over ten," answered Dick, with an emphasis on the over. Children catch up ideas, and no doubt he was as eager as the parents could be to impress on the world his fitness in years to be a ploughboy.

"How is it that you have been gleaning, Dick?"

"Mother couldn't, 'cause o' the babby. They give me leave to come on since four o'clock; and I've got all this."

Dick looked at the stile and then at his

bundle of wheat, so I took it while he got over. As we went on down the lane, Mrs. Todhetley inquired whether he wanted to be a ploughboy. Oh yes! he answered, his face lighting up, as if the situation offered some glorious prospect. It 'ud be two shilling a week; happen more; and mother said as he and Totty and Sam and the t'others 'ud get treacle to their bread on Sundays then. Apparently Mrs. Mitchel knew how to diplomateze.

"I'll give him one of the rusks, I think, Johnny," whispered Mrs. Todhetley.

But while she was getting it from the bag, he ran in with his wheat. She called to him to come back, and gave him one. His mother had taken the wheat from him; she looked out at the door with it in her hands. Seeing her, Mrs. Todhetley went up, and said Mr. Jacobson would not at present do anything. The next minute Mitchel appeared pulling at his straw hair.

"It is hard lines," he said humbly, "when the lad's of a' age to be a earning, and the master can't be got to take him on. And me to ha' worked on the same farm, man and boy; and father afore me."

"Mr. Jacobson thinks the boy would not be strong enough for the work."

"Not strong enough, and him rising eleven!" exclaimed Mitchel, as if the words were some dreadful aspersion on Dick. "How can he be strong if he gets no work to make him, ma'am? strength comes with the working — and nobody don't ought to know that better nor the master. Anyhow, if he don't take him, it'll be cruel hard lines for us."

Dick was outside, dividing the rusk with a small girl and boy, all three seated in the lane, and looking as happy as if they had been children in a fairy tale. "It's Totty," said he, pausing in the work of division to speak, "and that un's Sam." Mrs. Todhetley could not resist the temptation of finding two more rusks; which made one apiece.

"He is a good-natured little fellow, Johnny," she remarked as we went along. "Intelligent too: in that he takes after his mother."

"Would i be wrong to let him go on the farm as ploughboy?"

"Johnny, I don't know. I'd rather not give an opinion," she added, looking right before her into the moon, as if seeking for one there. "Of course he is not old enough or big enough, practically speaking: but on the other hand, where there are so many mouths to feed, it seems hard not to let him earn money if he can. The root of the evil lies in there being so many mouths

— as was said at Mr. Jacobson's this afternoon."

It was winter before I heard anything more of the matter. Tod and I were away, and only got home for Christmas. One day in January when the skies were lowering and the air cold with a raw coldness, but not frosty, I was crossing a field on old Jacobson's land, then being ploughed. The three brown horses at the work were as fine as you'd wish to see.

"You'll catch it smart on that there skull o' yourn, if ye doan't keep their yeads straight, ye little divil."

The salutation was from the man at the tail of the plough to the boy at the head of the first horse. Looking round, I saw little Mitchel. The horses stopped and I went up to him. Hall, the ploughman, took the opportunity to beat his arms. I daresay they were cold enough.

"So your ambition is attained, is it, Dick! Are you satisfied?"

Dick seemed not to understand. He was taller, but the face looked pinched, and there was never a smile on it.

"Do you like being ploughboy?"

"It's hard and cold. Hard always; frightful cold of a morning."

"How's Totty?"

The face lighted up just a little. Totty weren't any better, but she didn't die; Jimmy did. Which was Jimmy? — oh, Jimmy was after Nanny, next to the babby.

"What did Jimmy die of?"

Whooping-cough. They'd all been bad but him — Dick. Mother said he'd had it when he was no older nor the babby.

Whether the whooping-cough had caused an undue absorption of Mitchel's means, certain it was, Dick looked famished. His cheeks were thin, his hands blue.

"Have you been ill, Dick?"

No, he had not been ill. 'Twas Jimmy and the t'others.

"He's the incapablest little villain I ever had put me to do with," struck in the ploughman, stilling his arms to speak.

"More lazy nor a fattening pig."

"Are you lazy, Dick?"

I think an eager disclaimer was coming out, but the boy remembered in time who was present — his master, the ploughman.

"Not lazy wilful," he said, bursting into tears. "I does my best: mother tells me to."

"Take that, you young sniveller," said Hall, dealing him a good sound slap on the left cheek. "And now go on: ye know ye've got this lot to go through to-day."

He caught hold of the plough, and Dick

stretched up his poor trembling hands to the first horse to guide him. I am sure the boy *was* trying to do his best; but he looked weak and famished and ill.

"Why did you strike him, Hall? He did nothing to deserve it."

"He don't deserve nothing else," was Hall's answer. "Let him alone, and the furrows' ud be as crooked as a dog's leg. You dun' know what these young 'uns be for work, sir. — Keep 'em in the line, you fool!"

Looking back as I went down the field, I watched the plough going slowly up it, Dick seeming to have his hands full with the well-fed horses.

"Yes, I heard the lad was taken on, Johnny," Mrs. Todhetley said when I told her that evening. "Mitchel prevailed with his master at last. Mr. Jacobson is good-hearted, and knew the Mitchels were in sore need of the extra money the boy would earn. Sickness makes a difference to the poor as well as to the rich."

I saw Dick Mitchel three or four times during that January month. The Jacobsons had two nephews staying with them from Oxfordshire, and it caused us to go over often. The boy seemed a regular weak little mite for the place; but of course, having undertaken the work, he had to do it. He was no worse off than others. To be at the farm before six o'clock, he had to leave home at half-past five, taking his breakfast with him, which was mostly dry bread. As to the boy's work, it varied — as those acquainted with the executive of a busy farm can tell. Besides the ploughing, he had to pump, and carry water and straw, and help with the horses, and go errands to the blacksmith's and elsewhere, and so on. Carters and ploughmen do not spare their helping boys; and on a large farm like this they are the immediate rulers, not the master himself. Had Dick been under Mr. Jacobson's personal eye, perhaps it might have been lightened a little, for he was a humane man. There were three things that made it seem particularly hard for Dick Mitchel, and those three were under nobody's control; his natural weakness, his living so far off the farm, and its being winter weather. In summer the work is nothing like as hard for the boys; and it was a great pity that Dick had not first entered on his duties in that season to get inured to them against the winter. Mr. Jacobson gave him the best wages — three shillings a-week. Looking at the addition it must have seemed to Mitchel's ten, it was little wonder he had not ceased to petition old Jacobson.

The Jacobsons were kind to the boy — as I can testify. One cold day when I was there with the nephews, shooting birds, we went into the best kitchen at twelve o'clock for some pea-soup. They were going to carry the basins into the parlour, but we said we'd rather eat it there by the blazing big fire. Mrs. Jacobson came in. I can see her now, with a soft white woollen kerchief thrown over her shoulders to keep the cold off, and her net cap above her silver curls. We were getting our second basinfuls.

"Do have some, aunt," said Fred. "It's the best you ever tasted."

"No thank you, Fred. I don't care to spoil my dinner."

"It won't spoil ours."

She laughed a little, and stood looking from the window into the fold-yard, saying presently that she feared the frost was going to set in now in earnest, which would not be pleasant for their journey. — For this was the last day of the nephews' stay, and she was going home with them for a week. There had been no very sharp cold all the winter; which was a shame because of the skating; if the ponds got a thin coating of ice on them one day, it would be all melted the next.

"Bless me! there's that poor child sitting out in the cold! What's he eating? — his dinner?"

Her words made us look from the window. Dick Mitchel had stuck himself down by the far-off pig-sty, and seemed to be eating something that he held in his hands. He was very white — as might be seen even from where we stood.

"Mary," said she to one of the servants, "go and call that boy in."

Little Mitchel came in; pinched and white and blue. His clothes were thin, not half warm enough for the weather, an old red woollen comforter was twisted round his neck. He took off his battered drab hat, and put his bread into it.

"Is that your dinner?" asked Mrs. Jacobson.

"Yes 'm," said Dick, pulling the fore-lock of his light hair.

"But why did you not go home to-day?"

"Mother said there were nothing but bread, and she give it to me to bring away with my breakfast."

"Well, why did you sit down out in the cold? You might have gone indoors somewhere to eat it."

"I were tired 'm," was all Dick answered.

To look at him, one might say the "tired" state was chronic. He was shivering slightly all over with the cold; his teeth chattered. Mrs. Jacobson took his

hand and put him to sit on a low wooden stool close to the fire, and gave him a basin of the pea-soup.

"Let him have more if he can eat it," she said to Mary when she went away. So the boy for once got well warmed and fed.

Now, it may be thought that Mrs. Jacobson, being a kind old lady, might have told him to come in for some soup every cold day. And perhaps her will was good to do it. But it would never have answered. There were boys on the farm besides Dick, and no favour could be shown to one more than another. No, nor to the boys more than to the men. Nor to the men on one farm more than to the men on another. Old Jacobson would have had his brother farmers pulling at his ears. Those acquainted with the subject will know all this.

And there's another thing I'd better say. In telling of Dick Mitchel, it will naturally sound like an exceptional or isolated case, because those who read have their attention directed to this one and not to others. But, in actual fact, Dick's was only one of a great many; the Jacobsons had employed ploughboys and other boys always, lots of them; some strong and some weak, just as the boys might happen to be. For a young boy to be out with the plough in the cold winter weather, seems to a farmer and a farmer's men nothing: it lies in the common course of events. He has to get through as he best can; he must work to eat; and as a compensating balance there comes the genial warmth and the easier work of summer. Dick Mitchel was but one of the race; the carter and ploughman, his masters, had begun life exactly as he did, had gone through the same ordeal, the hardships of the long winter's day and the frost and snow. Dick Mitchel was as capable of his duties as many another had been. Dick's father had been little and weakly in his boyhood, but he got over that and grew as strong as the rest of them. Dick might have got over it, too, but for some extraordinary weather that came in.

Mrs. Jacobson had been in Oxfordshire a week when old Jacobson started to fetch her home, intending to stay there two or three days. The weather since she left had been going on in the same stupid way; a thin coating of snow to be seen one day, the green of the fields the next. But on the morning after old Jacobson started, the frost set in with a vengeance, and we got our skates out. Another day came in, and the Squire declared he had never felt anything to equal the cold. We had not had it as sharp for years: and then, you see, he was too fat to skate. The best skating was

on a pond on old Jacobson's land, which they called the lake from its size.

It was on this second day that I came across Dick Mitchel. Hastening home from the lake-pond after dark — for we had skated till we couldn't see and then kept on by moonlight — the skates in my hand and all aglow with heat, who should be sitting by the bank on this side the crooked stile instead of getting over it, but little Mitchel. But for the moon shining right on his face, I might have passed without seeing him.

"You are taking it airily, young Dick. Got the gout?"

Dick just lifted his head and stared a little; but didn't speak.

"Come! Why don't you go home?"

"I'm tired," murmured Dick. "I'm cold."

"Get up. I'll help you over the stile."

He did as he was bid at once. We had got well on, down the lane, and I had my hand on his shoulder to steady him, for his legs seemed to slip about like Punch's in the show, when he turned suddenly back again.

"The harness."

"The what?" I said.

Something seemed the matter with the boy: it was just as if he had partly lost the power of ready speech, or had been struck stupid. I made out at last that he had left some harness on the ground, that he was ordered to take to the blacksmith's.

"I'll get over for it. You stop where you are."

It was lying where he had been sitting: a short strap with a torn buckle. Dick took it and we went on again.

"Were you asleep, just now, Dick?"

"No, sir. It were the moon."

"What was the moon?"

"I was looking into it. Mother says God's all above there: I thought happen I might see Him."

A long explanation for Dick to-night. The recovery of the strap seemed to have brightened up his intellect.

"You'll never see Him in this world, Dick. He sees you always."

"And that's what mother says. He sees I can't do more nor my arms'll let me. I'd not like Him to think I can."

"All right, Dick. You only do your best always: He won't fail to see it."

I hardly said the last words when down went Dick without warning, face foremost. Picking him up, I took a look into his eyes by the moon's light.

"What did you do that for, Dick?"

"I don't know."

"Is it your legs?"

"Yes, it's my legs. I didn't mean it. I didn't mean it when I fell under the horses to-day, but Hall he beated of me and said I did."

After that I did not loose him; or I'm sure he would have gone down again. Arrived at his cottage, he was for passing it.

"Don't you know your own door, Dick Mitchel?"

"It's the strap," he said. "I ha' got to take it to Cawson's."

"Oh, I'll step round with that. Let's see what there is to do."

He seemed unwilling, saying he must take it back to Hall in the morning. Very well, I said, so he could. We went in at his door: and at first I thought I must have got into a black fog. The room was a narrow poking place; but I couldn't see to the other end of it. Two children were coughing, one choking, one crying; Mrs. Mitchel's face, ornamented with blacks, gradually loomed out to view through the atmosphere.

"It be the chimbley, sir. I hope you'll please to excuse it. It don't smoke as bad as this except when the weather's cold beyond common."

"It's to be hoped it doesn't. I should call it rather miserable if it did."

"Yes, sir. Mitchel, he says he thinks the chimbley must have frozed."

"Look here, Mrs. Mitchel, I've brought Dick home: I found him sitting in the cold on the other side of the stile yonder, and my belief is, he thought he couldn't get over it. He's about as weak as a young rat."

"It's the frost, sir," she said. "The boys all feel it that has to be out and about. It'll soon be gone, Dick. This here biting cold don't never last long."

Dick was standing against her, bending his face on her old stuff gown. She put her arm about him kindly.

"No, it can't last long, Mrs. Mitchel. Couldn't he be kept indoors until it gives a bit—let him have a holiday? No! Wouldn't it do?"

She opened her eyes wide at this, braving the cloud of flying blacks. Such a thing, as keeping a ploughboy at home for a holiday, had never entered her imagination at its widest range.

"Why, Master Ludlow, sir, he'd lose his place!"

"But, suppose he were ill, and had to stay at home?"

"Then the Lord help us, if it came to that! Please, sir, his wages might be stopped. I've heard of a master paying in illness, though it's not many of 'em as would, but I've never knowed 'em pay for holi-

day. The biting cold 'll go soon, Dick," she added, looking at him; "don't ye be downhearted."

"I should give him a cup of hot tea, Mrs. Mitchel, and let him get to bed. Good night; I'm off."

I'd have liked to say beer instead of tea; it would have put a bit of strength into the boy; but I might just as well have suggested wine, for all they had of either. Leaving the strap at the blacksmith's—it was but a minute or two out of my road—I told him to send it up to Mitchel's as soon as it was done.

"I daresay!" was what I got in answer.

"Look here, Cawson: the lad's ill, and his father was not in the way. If you don't choose to let your boy run up with that, or take it yourself, you shall never have another job of work from the Squire if I can prevent it."

"I'll send it, sir," said Cawson, coming to his senses. Not that he had much from us: we mostly patronized Dovey, down in Piefinch Cut.

Now all this happened: as Duffham and others could testify if necessary; it's not put in to make up a story. But I never thought worse of Dick than that he was done over for the moment with cold.

Of all days in remembrance, the next was the worst. The cold was more intense—though that had seemed impossible; and a fierce wind was blowing that cut you in two. It kept us from skating—and that's saying a good deal. We got half way to the lake-pond, and couldn't stand it, so turned home again. Jacobson's team was out, braving the weather, for I saw it at a distance. In the afternoon, when a good hot meal had put warmth into us, we thought we'd be off again: and this time gained the pond. The wind was like a rough knife: I never skated in such before: but we kept on till dusk.

Going homewards, in passing Glebe Cottage, which lay away on the left, we caught sight of three or four people standing before it.

"What's to do there?" asked Tod of a man, expecting to hear that old Mrs. Parry had got a second stroke.

"Sum'at's wrong wi' Jacobson's plough-boy," was the answer. "He have just been took in there."

"Jacobson's plough-boy! Why, Tod, that must be Dick Mitchel."

"And what if it is!" returned Tod. "The youngster's half frozen, I dare say. Let's get home, Johnny. What are you stopping for?"

By saying "half frozen" he meant noth-

ing. Not a thought of real ill was in his mind. I went up to the house; and met Hall the ploughman coming out of it.

"Is Dick Mitchel ill, Hall?"

"He ought to be, sir; if he baint shamming," returned Hall, crustily. "He have fell down five times since noon, and the last time wouldn't get up upon his feet again nohow. Being close a-nigh the old lady's, I carried of him in."

Hall went back into the house with me. I don't think he liked much the boy's looks. Dick had been put to lie on the warm brick floor before the kitchen fire, a blanket on his legs, and his head on a cushion. Mrs. Parry was ill in bed upstairs. The servant looked a stupid young country girl, seemingly born without wits.

"Have you given him anything?" I asked her.

"Please, sir, I've put the kittle on to bile."

"Is there any brandy in the house?"

"Brandy!" the girl exclaimed with wonder. No. Her missis never took nothing stronger nor tea or water gruel.

"Hall," I said, looking at the man, "somebody must go for Mr. Duffham. And Dick's mother might as well be told."

Bill Leet, a strapping young fellow standing by, made off at this, saying he'd bring them both. Hall went away to his waiting team, and I stooped over the boy.

"What is the matter, Dick? Tell me how you feel."

Except that he smiled a little, he made no answer. His eyes, gazing up into mine, looked dim. The girl had taken away the candle, but the fire was bright. As I took one of his hands to rub it, his fingers clasped themselves round mine. Then he began to say something, with a stop between each word. I had to bend down close to catch it.

"He—brought—that—strap."

"All right, Dick."

"Thank—ee—sir."

"Are you in any pain, Dick?"

"No."

"Or cold?"

"No."

The girl came back with the candle, and some hot milk in a tea-cup. I put a teaspoonful into Dick's mouth. But he could not swallow it. Who should come rushing in just then but Jones the constable, wanting to know what was up.

"Well, I never!—why that's Mitchel's Dick!" cried Jones, peering down in the candle-light. "What's took him?"

"Jones, if you and the girl will rub his hands, I'll go and get some brandy. We

can't let him lie like this and give him nothing."

Old Jones, liking the word brandy on his own score, knelt down on his fat, gouty legs with a groan, and laid hold of one of the hands, the girl taking the other. I went leaping off to the Jacobsons'.

And went for nothing. The cellar was locked up, and no brandy could be got at. The cook gave me a bottle of gooseberry wine; which she said might do as well if hotted up.

Duffham was over the boy when I got back, his face long, and his cane lying on the ironing-board. Bill Leet had met him half way, so no time was lost. He was putting something into Dick's lips with a teaspoon — perhaps brandy. But it ran the wrong way; out, instead of in. Dick never stirred, and his eyes were shut. The doctor got up.

"Too late, Johnny," he whispered.

The words startled me. "Mr. Duffham! No?"

He looked into my eyes, and nodded. Yes. "The exposure to-day has been too much for him. He is going fast."

And just at that moment Hannah Mitchel came in. I have often thought that the extreme poor, whose lives are but one vast hardship from the cradle to the grave, who have to struggle always, do not feel strong emotion: at any rate, they don't show much. Hannah Mitchel knelt down and looked quietly at the white and shrunken face.

"Dicky," she said, putting his hair gently back from his brow; which had now a damp moisture on it. "What's amiss, Dicky?"

He opened his eyes at the voice and feebly lifted one hand towards her. Mrs. Mitchel glanced round at the doctor's face; and I think she read the truth there. She gathered his poor head into her arms, and let it rest on her bosom. Her old black shawl was on, her bonnet fell backwards and hung from her neck by the strings.

"Oh, Dicky! Dicky!"

He lay still, looking at her. She gave one sob and choked the rest down.

"Be he dying, sir? — ain't there no hope?" she cried to Mr. Duffham, who was standing in the blaze of the fire. And the doctor just moved his head for answer.

There was a still hush in the kitchen. Her tears began to fall down her cheeks slowly and softly.

"Dicky, wouldn't you like to say 'Our Father?'"

"I — 've — said — it — mother."

"You've always been a good boy, Dicky."

Old Jones blew his nose; the stupid girl burst out in a sob. Mr. Duffham told them to hush.

Dick's eyes were slowly closing. The breath was very faint now, and came at long intervals. Presently Mr. Duffham took him from his mother, and laid him down flat, without the cushion.

Well, he died. Poor little Dicky Mitchel died. And I think, taking the wind and the work into consideration, that he was better off.

Mr. Jacobson got back the next day. He sharply taxed the ploughman with the death, saying he ought to have seen the state the boy was in on that last bitter day, and have sent him home. But Hall declared he never thought anything ailed the boy, except that the cold was cutting him more than ordinary, just as it was everybody else.

The county coroner came over to hold the inquest. The jury, after hearing what Mr. Duffham had to say, brought it in that Richard Mitchel died from exposure to the cold during the recent remarkable severity of the weather, not having sufficient stamina to resist it. Some of the local newspapers took it up, being in want of matter that dreary season. They attacked the farmers; asking the public whether labourers' children were to be held as of no more value than this, in a free and generous country like England, and why they were made to work so young by such hard and wicked task-masters as the master of Elm Farm. That put the master of Elm Farm on his mettle. He retorted by a letter of sharp good sense; finishing it with a demand to know whether the farmers were expected to club together and provide meat and pudding gratis for the flocks of children labourers chose to gather about them. The Squire read it aloud to everybody as the soundest letter he'd ever seen written.

"I'm afraid their view is the right one — that the children are too thick on the ground, poor things," sighed Mrs. Todhewley. "Any way, Johnny, it's very hard on the young ones to have to work as poor little Dick did; late and early, wet or dry; and I'm glad for his sake that God has taken him."

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

From St. Pauls.

THE JACKDAW AUTHOR.

THERE is a class of writers whose works are valueless till they are old, and then become of great value. There is also cheese, which is good for nothing when new; and wine which is undrinkable till its precious qualities shall have been evoked by time; and there are men who do more harm than good in the world, and give those round about them more pain than pleasure, tillage and experience have ripened and mellowed them. But in all these cases there must be a basis of valuable qualities from the first, which only needed maturing to fit them for service; whereas, in the case of the books referred to, no such merit can be predicated of them. They were absolutely good for nothing when written; were generally deemed to be good for nothing by the contemporaries of their authors, would be yet more emphatically judged to be worthless if they were produced at the present day; and which have acquired, by virtue of the lucky chance which has preserved them, a very real and very universally recognized value. It may furthermore be remarked, as a curious circumstance connected with this class of literature, that if the minds which produced it had been of a calibre capable of doing better work, the books left by them to us would have been incomparably less valuable.

These authors are the diarists, the keepers of journals, the small-beer chroniclers, who do not aspire to record a nation's history, but who are entitled to put "*quorum pars magni fui*!" as an epigraph to their labours. And of this class the writer of whom we are about to speak was a very notable specimen.

The works produced by such writers may be appropriately said to belong to the Jackdaw school of literature. It may be urged, perhaps, that the ant would be a more fitting armorial bearing for the family. For it may be accurately said of each of them, "*trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo!*" The Jackdaw, however, is probably the fitter symbol of the tribe. For a certain spice of the furtive tendency contributes admirably to the characterizing of it. Always awake, always on the watch, always with pricked ears, it is the habit and the business of your diarist, or your maker of "*historiettes*," to pounce on unconsidered trifles, and carry them off secretly to his hiding-place among masses of accumulated manuscript. Nothing comes amiss to him. But specially he seems to prize such waifs and strays as others do not think worth preserving;—odds and ends, which the people about

him amuse themselves with for a moment, but which no human being but he dreams of storing up and hoarding.

It is true, your Jackdaw is an idle bird; and in this view the "*magni formica laboris*" would seem the more correct emblem of the tribe. For the model anecdotist, or *historiette*-preserver, must be an idler of unwearied industry. It is essential that he should have nothing on earth to do,—nothing, that is, of the sort of things that other men look on as duties or tasks of bread-winning industries; and yet he should have a decided turn for diligence. "*Strenua nos exercet inertia!*" might be their adopted motto. The model diarist must never go home to his bed from banquet, ball, or boudoir too tired to take his ever-ready pen at once in hand. There must be no deferring the business of life till the next morning. If he does not book the trashy nothings, of which his shallow mind is full, while the feeble impression they have made is yet fresh, the froth on the top of them will have subsided before the morrow. And it is that froth which will give the flavour to his liquor when it shall be uncorked after a couple of hundred years.

Your model diarist must furthermore belong to the class of men who are universally reckoned as "*good fellows*;" but he should be a specimen of that variety of the class to which the term is somewhat contemptuously applied. He must have no evil qualities of mind, heart, or manners, so prominently developed as to make any man or woman shun him; nor any good or great qualities so strongly marked as to make even the poorest-minded, the loosest liver, or the most frivolous afraid of him. He must be the acquaintance of every man, and the dear friend of none. He must be universally liked and trusted by the women, but not given to indulge in "*grandes passions*" with regard to any of them. He must be considered the safest of men, and a model of discretion while he lives; and only be discovered to have been the very reverse of this when he has been long since dead.

It is very desirable that he should be no strong partisan of any faction in Church or State. He should, on the contrary, be one of those light and easy-going skimmers of the social seas, which float in all waters deep or shallow, and are deemed to be sufficiently insignificant to be welcomed by men of parties and natures so opposed as never to associate with each other. His curiosity and turn for observation should be sufficiently strong to make him ready at all times to act on the "*nihil humanum a me alienum*" principle; and yet it is good that

he should be imbued with a sufficient spice of the tuft-hunting spirit to make him an assiduous frequenter of the houses of the great, and not above having an eye and ear for the servants' hall as well as for the reception-rooms.

Thus fitted for the task, the heaper up of "historiettes" will hardly fail to pile together a work which no human being will dream of bestowing paper and print on for many a year, and which indeed will probably run great risks of being consigned to the waste-paper dealer as soon as the breath is out of the writer's body; but which, if it happily escape those dangers, and get once comfortably covered with dust in some library or garret, will one day emerge and make its author's name a household word among men.

It is specially of late years, — within the last thirty or forty years or so, — that the true value of such writings has been fully appreciated. The use of them has been discovered only since men have learned to expect that history should be presented to them, not under the guise of a dry and fleshless skeleton, but in that of a recognizable figure, reclothed with flesh, and coloured with the hues of life. The old histories resembled the old maps; in which there were wide blank spaces inscribed with a brief notice to the effect that "impassable deserts" filled all that portion of the earth. Huge tracts of social life, swarming with inhabitants, and containing the sources of those big facts which the historian did record, just as the so-styled deserts contained the sources of the streams which the geographers marked when they had grown big, and came near the sea, were all left vacant. But modern curiosity and modern science will not tolerate these vast blanks. And it is not only that we have discovered the value of the due filling up of such blanks, and the true historical importance of knowing how the masses of undistinguished men and women lived, and eat and drank, and bought and sold, and talked and amused themselves; but we have come to recognize that even the biggest figures, which History even on her tallest stilts has preserved for us, are very imperfectly known or understood, when presented to us like isolated sticks of timber, instead of like trees in the midst of the forest they over-topped, and surrounded by the underwood out of which they sprung.

Eager, accordingly, has been the hunt of late years among the dust of great libraries, and muniment rooms, and old family depositaries, for the forgotten writings of the jackdaw authors of past days. And the result has been very considerable. For the

most part, these materials for history have been discovered in large masses. As nothing came amiss to the jackdaw author, his hoards naturally grew to be voluminous. In most European countries it has been found that this disinterring of the jackdaw hoards has to a greater or lesser degree necessitated the re-writing of history; and historians have not been slow to gird up their loins to the new task. England and France especially have been busy at this work; and in the latter country it has been more particularly the seventeenth century which has as yet profited by the new discoveries. It is fortunate that it should have been so. For of all French history that of the seventeenth century is the most deeply and largely interesting to mankind, inasmuch as then the life was being lived, and the causes being moulded, which produced the great cataclysm that, at the close of the eighteenth century changed the face and the prospects of the civilized world, and made it such as it was. Nor is there a volume of all the vast number of volumes of the class, which has been characterized in the preceding pages, that does not do much towards making the reader feel that he better understands how and why the Revolution must have come, and how, when it did come, it was such as we know it to have been.

In the list of the jackdaws of the pen, Tallemant des Reaux holds a very high, if not the highest place; and if the reader has in any degree interested himself with French historical inquiry and criticism during the last thirty or forty years, he cannot have avoided meeting with very frequent reference to his pages. Just about two centuries ago, the name of Gedeon Tallemant des Reaux was very frequently heard in all sorts of places in Paris, where men did congregate. Then for several generations it was so totally unheard of that not even the biographical dictionaries remembered it! Now once more it has become so much a household word, that an English reader can scarcely have failed to have often heard of him. Yet the man himself, and the nine volumes of his "Historiettes," as he has chosen to call them, have hardly been ever so presented to the English public as to make the present attempt to introduce him and them to our readers needless or unwelcome.

Gedeon Tallemant des Reaux was born at La Rochelle on the 7th of November, 1619. His great grandfather, François Tallemant des Reaux, migrated to that town from Tournay in the Low Countries, in order to escape from the persecution to which his profession of the Protestant faith

then exposed him. His operations as a merchant prospered in his new home; and he became there a town-councillor and adjoint of the mayor. His two sons, Gedeon and Pierre, carried the rising fortunes of the family to a yet higher point. Associating with them their brother-in-law, Paul Yvon, they established a banking business at Bordeaux. Here also the Huguenot family prospered exceedingly, so much so that Gedeon, the elder brother, purchased an appointment of secretary to the king, — Louis XIII., — became the farmer of sundry taxes, and was appointed "Tresorier de l'Epargne" for Navarre. He died in 1634, leaving behind him a very considerable fortune. This Gedeon was not the grandfather, but the great uncle of Gedeon, the jackdaw author, who alone has caused the family name ever to be mentioned in the nineteenth century. Pierre, the younger son, was the author's grandfather. He must also have been a wealthy man, but his career seems to have been a less brilliant one than that of his elder brother. This elder brother, the senior partner in the Bordeaux bank, the farmer of taxes, and secretary by purchase to the king, left a fortune to his son Gedeon, the second, which enabled him to soar yet higher in the empyrean of financial greatness, — and as a first step he purchased an appointment as Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris.

This shameful practice of selling appointments to offices of profit and dignity prevailed in France from the time of Louis XII. to within about twenty years before the Revolution. It was a culminating monstrosity of bad government reached by France alone among the Governments of Europe; and suffices to stamp the old Bourbon and Valois Government of France as the worst of all the oppressive tyrannies under which Europe groaned for so many centuries. It is true that the shame was in some degree shared by the Papal Court; for it would be strange, indeed, if any abuse ever invented had not found a congenial home there. But even at Rome the evil was not so great and so shameless as at the Court of France. Offices of state and dignities were sold in vast numbers by the Pontiffs. But Frenchmen alone permitted their lives, and honours, and fortunes to lie at the mercy of judges who had bought the right of judging them! Under Louis XII. appointments in the department of finance only were made saleable. Though bad enough, the evil was infinitely less than when under Francis I. the administration of justice was entrusted to men whose sole title to their appointments consisted in

having purchased them! Of course once introduced and tolerated, the evil continued to assume larger and larger proportions under every successive reign. Under Mazarin a scheme was invented by virtue of which the holders of all these offices were required to pay a heavy sum every ninth year, in consideration of which the offices were secured to their families in perpetuity. This payment was called the "Paulette." The numbers of these offices, created solely for sale, were multiplied to a perfectly extraordinary degree under Louis XIV. And the titles of many of the bodies of officers, — for they were created in large batches, — thus brought into existence, are absurdly grotesque. There were "Inspectors of Liquors," "Inspectors of Butchers," "Inspectors of Pigs," "Stackers of Wood," "Measurers of Charcoal," "Measurers of Cloth," "Controllers of Fresh Butter," "Tasters of Salt Butter," "Inspectors of Wigs," "Controllers of Poultry," and a vast number more. The Chancellor Pontchartrain, who was one of the most prolific inventors in this sort, said that "it seemed as if Providence had an especial care for France; for scarcely has the king created a new appointment, before God creates on the spot a fool to purchase it!" Nevertheless, the vanity of a fool was not the only motive that produced purchasers for all these places. The tenure of them exempted the holders from the tax called the "taille;" and as the payment of this was held to be in some sort infamous, as it fell only upon people of peasant race, it was thought a very desirable thing to be freed from liability to it. Besides, many of the "charges" brought in large gains.

Gedeon the second, son of the Bordeaux banker, became a purchaser of dignities on a larger scale than his father. As we have seen, he bought a place of Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and was installed in it on the 10th of June, 1637. And shortly afterwards he married. The richest men in France at that day were the "Intendants" of finance. One of these, Puget de Montauron, was noted as a man of immense wealth. He had an only daughter, Marie de Montauron. But she was illegitimate. And the highly respectable Huguenot family of the Tallemants were extremely averse to one of their race marrying a girl so disgraced. The Montaurons, on the other hand, would not ally themselves with a Huguenot. But the double difficulty did not avail as any barrier between the new Counsellor of Parliament and the fortune of the Intendant's daughter. Gedeon lost no time in conforming to the orthodox faith;

and less in laughing to scorn the scruples of his provincial relatives. He was married to Marie de Montauron, and employed a portion of her dower in purchasing the place of "Maitre des Requêtes." Thus the career of the most brilliant and lucrative offices was open to him; and he obtained first the "Intendance" of Orleans, and subsequently, in 1653, that of Guienne.

Gedeon Tallemant was now safe to become one of the richest men in France. He did become so very speedily. But Gedeon the Catholic, grandson of the prudent old Huguenot La Rochelle trader, was one of those men whom no amount of wealth can prevent from ruining themselves. His dissipation was boundless, and of every sort. Perhaps among the least ruinous of his modes of spending money was the gratification of an ambition, at that time much the mode in France, of playing the Mæcenas. He permitted whole swarms of needy scribblers, whom the public and the booksellers refused to feed, to live upon him. And some of a different class, who ought to have been above the habitudes, which placed the trade of literature very much upon a level with that of a begging-letter writer, did not scruple to barter their flattery for a portion of the prodigal Intendant's wealth. Among others, Corneille dedicated his "Cinna" to him. According to the account of him given by his nephew in the "historiette" dedicated to him, he must have been a grossly ignorant, and very worthless man. He is represented to have been absurdly, yet not unreasonably, jealous of his wife, who was, according to our author's account, in all respects good for as little as her husband. Here is a picture of the life of an "Intendant de Finance" in the provincial capital of his "Intendancy," taken from the account given by the two celebrated friends Chapelle and Bachaumont, of a journey by them in the south of France about the year 1656.

"As soon as we had stopped on shore, — of the Garonne at Bordeaux, — and had spent some time in admiring the situation of the town, we went to the inn of the Chapeau Rouge, where M. Tallemant came to call upon us immediately on our arrival. From that moment we returned no more to our lodgings all the time we were at Bordeaux, except to sleep. The days passed in the pleasantest manner conceivable at the house of M. l'Intendant; for all the good people of the town have no other rendezvous than his house. He has made the discovery that most of them are his cousins; and from his style of life one might take him for the Premier President of the province rather than the Intendant. In a word;

he is the same man as you have known him at Paris, except that his expenses are larger still! But for Madame l'Intendante, to whisper a secret, she is entirely changed. Quoique," say the travellers, breaking off into verse according to their habit: —

"Quoique sa beaute soit extreme,
Qu'elle ait toujours ce grand œil bleu
Plein de douceur, et plein de feu,
Elle n'est pourtant plus la meme;
Car nous avons appris qu'elle aime,
Et qu'elle aime bien fort — le jeu!

She who did not know formerly what cards were, now passes her nights at lansquenet. All the women in the town have become gamblers to please her. They come regularly to her house to divert her, and whoever would see a brilliant assembly has only to pay her a visit. Mademoiselle du Pin," — this was an illegitimate sister of the Intendant, — "is always there to entertain those who are not fond of play. And, in truth, her conversation is so amusing and witty, that that part of the company is not the worst off. There Messieurs the Gascons may take lessons in polite behaviour and fashionable conversation: —

Mais cette agreable du Pin
Qui dans sa maniere est unique
A l'esprit mechant et bien fin;
Et si jamais Gascon s'en pique
Gascon fera mauvaise fin."

No doubt Bordeaux regretted it, when these "noctes cœneque deum" came to an end; and the ruined Intendant had to break up his establishment and return to Paris.

There his first cousin, Pierre Tallemant, the father of the jackdaw author, would have nothing to say to him. But Gedeon, the son of Pierre, undertook to manage his affairs for him, and reconcile him to his (Gedeon's) father, on conditions of amendment and prudence in his mode of life. "I undertook," says the historiette writer, "to receive his revenues and give him so much a month, on condition that he would remodel his style of living, and lodge himself after my fashion. I made them cry again and again, both him and his wife. I began by proposing that he should send away his cook. 'All right,' said he; 'I will send him away in four months!' His wife exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake, cousin, manage to keep me one footman!' And then they deceived me. They took lodgings opposite to them for the servants they pretended to discharge! In short, finding them incurable, I gave them up, and would have nothing to say to their affairs!"

The Intendant died, leaving his widow and children destitute, in 1668. The eldest

of them, Paul, became an abbé, obtained the Priory of St. Albin, and was made a member of the Academy by the influence of his relations and friends of the family. He produced quantities of occasional verses, idyls, pastorals, words for operas, discourses, panegyrics, funeral orations, and academical harangues, all long since forgotten! When he was made an Academician, neither Quinault nor Racine, nor La Fontaine, nor Boileau, had been found worthy of that honour, though Racine had already produced "Andromache," and Boileau had written seven of his immortal "Satires!" Nevertheless, what the abbé gave the world was what the world wanted, and the world in return rewarded him well. He had pensions, and priories, and benefices, and was made by the Minister Colbert Superintendent of the Inscriptions in the Royal Residences! In this capacity, when Le Brun painted the well-known series of pictures in the great gallery at Versailles, the Abbé Tallemant furnished the inscriptions to be placed under them. They were, when they had been so placed, voted to be so bad that they were all cancelled! None the less for that mischance, he remained a favourite with the literary clique of the fashionable world of Paris, and, after a peaceful and prosperous life, died in his 70th year; and has a long, though not altogether accurate, article consecrated to him by Daunou in the "Biographie Universelle."

Pierre Tallemant, the father of our author, also went to Paris; but before he did so he had already acquired a very handsome fortune. He married twice, and had families by both of his wives, the last of whom was Marie Rambouillet, the sister of the well-known and enormously wealthy financier, Nicolas Rambouillet. "But inasmuch," says his son, the author of the "Historiettes," "as he did not seem at all disposed to part with any of his wealth as long as he lived, I determined to look out for a rich wife who would make me independent of my father." Belonging, as he did, both on his father's and on his mother's side, to the world of the "haute finance," the great farmers of taxes, or "partisans" as they were called in those days, it was not difficult to him to succeed in his purpose. Indeed, he had no need to look farther than to his own first cousin, Elizabeth Rambouillet, the daughter of his mother's brother. The young heiress was only eleven and a half years old, when her cousin was betrothed to her; and the marriage was not solemnized till two years later.

This rich marriage made the life of leisure passed in all the society of Paris, to which we owe the "Historiettes," possible to Tallemant. But before commencing that Parisian life he made a journey in Italy, together with two of his brothers, and the young Abbé de Retz. The cause of this companionship is characteristic of the times. The young De Retz had been a candidate for some distinction at the Sorbonne, and his principal competitor had been the Abbé de la Mothe Houdancourt, afterwards Bishop of Rennes and Archbishop of Auch, who was the special protégé of the Cardinal de Richelieu. De Retz was the successful candidate; whereupon Richelieu became furious with anger. The Sorbonne humbly represented, not that De Retz had in truth merited the distinction, but that it was impossible for them to pass over the claims of the nephew of the Cardinal di Gondy, who had been a special protector of the Sorbonne. But Richelieu was appeased by no such representations. Was not he also a protector of the Sorbonne? Whom had they to thank for the new buildings even then in course of construction? The angry prelate threatened to make them very sensible to whom they owed their present if not their past "protection," by forthwith causing the new buildings to be razed to the ground! And the all-powerful minister's anger was so hot, that it was deemed expedient to get the obnoxious successful candidate, the young Abbé de Retz out of the way and out of sight by sending him to travel in Italy. Tallemant's appreciation of his young fellow-traveller, — the "little dark man, very near-sighted, ill-made, ugly, and awkward in all his actions, and dirty in his habits, who could neither write a line straight, nor manage to put his own clothes on," — shows that his talents of observation, and the habit of recording the fruit of them, were even at that early age developed in no ordinary degree.

When they arrived at Florence, De Retz was lodged in the house of his relative, the Cavaliere Gondi, who was at that time Secretary of State to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. And the remarks which Tallemant makes thereupon afford an amusing instance of that inevitable ignorance of Frenchmen respecting everything not French, which seems to have been as remarkable in the seventeenth as in the nineteenth century. "This Chevalier di Gondy," he writes, "had the portraits of the Gondys of France in his salon; for," — this "for" is delicious! — "they are not such grands seigneurs in Italy as they are here. They are, however, gentlemen. I saw at Florence

sufficient indications of that. But the question is to know whether they did not become so after the favour of which Albert di Gondy was the object, and whether the Florentine Gondys are of that family. Quillet says that when he asked the Chevalier di Gondi whether the Gondys of France were veritable Gondis, he burst out laughing." As well he might: — the Albert above alluded to, who was the ancestor of the French branch of the family, and who came to France with Catherine di Medici, having been a cadet of a family whose ancestors sat as patricians in the Great Council of Florence in the twelfth century! And Tallemant, it must be observed, was here speaking on a subject that was especially his own, and on which he would have been sure to be well informed, if the matter in hand had been exclusively French.

On his return from his travels his marriage with his wealthy cousin was completed, and his life of a man welcomed in every society in Paris and of jackdaw authorship began, and continued during the remainder of his life, which came to a close on the 6th of November, 1692, in his own house in Paris, "near the Porte de Richelieu;" — that is to say, adds his latest editor, about that point of the Rue de Richelieu at which the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin now begins. He was thus seventy-three when he died; and had been for a full half-century engaged in piling together that mass of gossip which now, in the shape of nine goodly octavo volumes, forms one of the most valuable store-houses of material at the disposition of those who would reconstruct a vivid picture of the Parisian life of the seventeenth century.

It was apropos of the appearance of this the third, and by far the best edition, of the "Historiettes," that Sainte-Beuve, — the most competent critic in France upon such a subject, — wrote in the "Moniteur" of the 19th of January, 1857, an article, entitled "Tallemant et Bussy, or the bourgeois backbiter, and the backbiter of quality." It was a happy idea to bring the two men thus together; for Bussy Rabutin has also done much towards making a reproduction of that strange seventeenth-century life possible, and was himself one of the most remarkable and characteristic figures in it. And it cannot be denied that both the patrician and plebeian scribbler were back-biters.

Nevertheless, there does not seem to be any ground for thinking that Tallemant was to such a degree, or in such a sense, a back-biter, as to justify us in rejecting his testimony as to facts. Here is a portion of what Sainte-Beuve says of him: —

"Tallemant was guided but by one special taste, by one speciality of character. A man of wit after the fashion of our ancestors, curious to a degree that no one is curious nowadays, always on the scent of everything that was said or done around him, informed with the utmost accuracy of all the incidents and all the gossip of society, he records it all; and his record is not so much one of baseness as of drolleries and gaieties."

The English reader, it should be observed, looking at the society photographed by Tallemant des Reaux from an English point of view, would hardly be able to accept the exceeding lenity of this last judgment of the celebrated critic. The impression produced on the mind of the present writer by a perusal of the "Historiettes," is that a more profoundly rotten state of society never existed than that which they describe so vividly.

"He writes what he knows," continues M. de Sainte-Beuve, "for the pleasure of writing, with the salt of his style, which is a very good style, and adding to his narrative his own judgment, which is unaffected and active. Such as he is, and so constituted, he is, in his own kind, invaluable and incomparable. If any one had told Bussy Rabutin, that bel esprit and belle plume of the army and the court, that he had in his own day a rival and a master of pointed and naive narration, in that jeering bourgeois, whom one met everywhere, and who was nowhere out of place, he would, assuredly, have been much astonished, and would not have believed the fact."

"Tallemant went everywhere, rubbed shoulders with people of the highest rank, and was intimate with people of talent. His passion was to hear everything; — to gather up everything, and to make a good story of everything. He was born an 'anecdotist,' as La Fontaine was born a 'fabulist.' His friends never ceased saying to him: 'Come now, write that down!' He wrote accordingly; and we profit by it. Were it not for Tallemant and his indiscretions, many special studies of the seventeenth century would have been well-nigh impossible. Through him we are members of all the coteries in every quarter of the town; we know all the masks, and the wearers even in their robes-de-chambre. He repeats what was said; he keeps register of current gossip. He tells no lies; but he speaks evil with pleasure, and in gaiety of heart. What he tells us, however, is not to be received lightly. For he is natural and judicious, truthful and penetrating, without affectation, and without pretension. Respecting Henry IV., Sully, Richelieu,

and others, who belonged to the age before him, and who were so much greater than he in all respects, he has but picked up the crumbs, — which are still, however, crumbs that have fallen from a good table, — yet upon such subjects he can be listened to only as an echo, and a picker up of reports. But respecting people whom he has seen and known, we have something better than that from him. His authority is as reliable as that of any one. He read the physiognomies around him, and he reproduces them for us. I am entirely of the opinion of M. P. Paris, — one of the editors of the "Historiettes," — "that Tallemant's authority is not to be lightly esteemed, and that we must accept his testimony, failing proof to the contrary. If you dig down at many points you will find the confirmation of things that he asserts with a mere passing word. And it is not only in painting the bourgeois world that he excels. Tallemant is still the best painter that we have of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and of all that refined society. He judges it with the true French taste of that Augustine age, as befits one who was the friend of Patru, — one who had in him much of a prose La Fontaine, and of Maucroix."

After speaking of Tallemant's portrait of M. de Montausier, M. de Sainte-Beuve continues: —

"If that is not a masterpiece of lifelike resemblance, where is such to be sought? And there are plenty of such in Tallemant's pages. Open them anywhere. What you will find is gay, well-told, clear, pleasant, well turned out of hand, free from affectation of style. He continues without an effort the race of the story-tellers and fable-writers, and has frequently a touch of the vein of Rabelais. His diction is admirable, exceedingly happy of phrase, full of idiom, familiar, thoroughly Parisian, and imbued with the flavour of the soil in which it grew. The world which Tallemant exhibits to us is the town, properly so called, — the town as it was in the days of Mazarin, either before or after the Fronde, and after the minority of Louis XIV., — that Paris in which a bourgeois, rich, bold, and free, was living a stirring life, the types of which are to be seen in Molière."

This is the judgment of certainly the most competent critic that France has known in the course of this century. And assuredly it does not become an English writer to dispute the entire accuracy of every portion of it, as looked at from a French point of view, and as addressed to Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, there would be risk of leading English

readers into a mistake and a disappointment, if it were not added, that they will scarcely find in the "Historiettes" all that charm which Sainte-Beuve found. On this side of the Channel the nine volumes of Tallemant's writings may be accepted as an invaluable magazine of materials for the student of social changes, and the historian who would animate his picture by informing it with the life, the flesh, and blood, and genuine pulses of the world he wishes to reproduce. This the jackdaw author has bequeathed us; and as is easily understood, the special value of the bequest arises from the jackdaw nature which prompted him to pick up and hide away whatever no one else thought worth preserving.

But not one English reader in ten thousand will appreciate the aroma of the style of which M. de Sainte-Beuve speaks so enthusiastically. They will find themselves, moreover, in the midst of a very coarse, a very low-minded, and essentially vulgar world, the study of which is mainly valuable for the sake of the clear views which may be got from it of the normal connection between certain social antecedents and certain social consequences. It is right also to state plainly, in order to prevent mistakes, that the "Historiettes" must remain a sealed book to English ladies, — except, indeed, to the royal, noble and fashionable patronesses of Mlle. Schneider's cancan. Ladies who can enjoy that, will find nothing to startle or disgust them in Tallemant. Others had better content themselves with such reproductions of the jackdaw author's materials as the writers of special "studies" of the old-world personages may select, purify, and reproduce for them.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to mention in a few words the circumstances of the finding of Tallemant's long-lost manuscript.

Elizabeth Rambouillet, the wife of our author, survived him, and became sole heiress of the family property. In 1701, she was present at the marriage of her great-niece, Renée Magdaleine de Rambouillet de la Sablière, with M. Trudaine, grandson of Charles Trudaine, who died in 1721, Counsellor of State and Provost of the Merchants. All the Tallemant property came to him by this marriage; and the manuscript of the "Historiettes," together with all the other lumber in the old family residence. The Trudaines possessed a chateau called Montigny Lencoup, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, at a short distance from Montereau; and when at the death of the last of the Trudaines the libra-

ry, — which had during many generations of them belonged to the chateau, — was sold, the late Marquis de Chateaugiron, Consul-General of France, first at Bucharest, and afterwards at Nice, where he died, bought a lot entitled, "Collection of pieces interesting for the history of France under Henry IV. and Louis XIII. ; MS. in folio, bound in vellum, containing 798 pages, and filled with curious and little-known facts." M. de Chateaugiron had no competitor for the prize, and it was knocked down to him for twenty francs !

M. de Chateaugiron had the MS. fairly copied ; but many years passed before anything more was heard of it. In 1820 he founded, in conjunction with M. Monmerqué, the subsequent editor of the "Historiettes," and others, a Société des Bibliophiles Français, under the auspices of which Tallemant's work was at last published for the first time, in the years 1834 — 35.

The "Historiettes" had not, however, remained wholly unknown to the literary world during the intervening years. M. le Baron Walckener had made some use of them for his admirable and well-known "Life of La Fontaine," and M. Tascheveau had availed himself of them for his excellent and highly curious "Life of Molière." A second edition was published in ten duodecimo volumes by the publisher Delloye, equally under the editorial care of M. Monmerqué. But by far the most perfect in all respects is the third, edited by MM. Monmerqué and P. Paris, and published in nine vols. octavo by Techner, in 1850 — 60.

The value of the book had by this time become extensively recognized. The usual suspicions of fraud and fabrication had been brought forward and abundantly refuted ; and the old jackdaw writer has been received nem. con. as a French classic by virtue of the value which time has given to his hoards.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

He crouches and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair ;
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there :
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the
grass,
And turn to their covers for fear ;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear :
With the nullah, the sling, and spear.

Uloola, behold him ! The thunder that breaks
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of
the lakes,
Have made him a hunter again :
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering
thought ;
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he
fought,
With those who will battle no more :
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is that the water which tumbles and fills
Goes moaning and moaning along,
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
And he starts at a wonderful song :
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the rents of the scattering
fogs,
The corroboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him ;
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons, and
stands,
And gleams like a dream in his face :
Like a marvellous dream in his face ?

Leaves from Australian Forests.
By Henry Kimball.

GIRL AND WOMAN.

Eyes like blue violets, gleaming gold hair,
Parted red lips and wondering air,
Fresh rounded cheeks and innocent brow
Of a child to whom grief is a stranger now.

Sad faded eyes and silvering hair,
Brow marked with many a cross and a care,
Thin hands whose labour is nearly done,
Calm smile of happiness lost and won.

Closely they sit as the twilight grows,
The opening blossom, the withered rose.
O, say, for which shall I pity find —
Her life all to come, or hers left behind ?

Tinsley's Magazine.